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THE PVRITAINE

Or

THE VVIDDOVV

of Watling-ſtreete.

Acted by the Children of Paules.

Written by W. S.

Imprinted at London by G. E LD.
1607.

157,145
May, 1873

The Puritaine Widdow.

ACTVS PRIMVS.

Enter the Lady Widdow-Plus, *her two Daughters* Franke *and* Moll, *her husbands Brother an old Knight* Sir Godfrey, *with her Sonne and heyre Maister* Edmond, *all in mourning apparell,* Edmond *in a Cypresse Hatte. The Widdow wringing her hands, and bursting out into passion, as newly come from the Buriall of her husband.*

Widow. OH, that euer I was borne, that euer I was borne!

Sir Godfrey. Nay good Sister deare sister, sweete sister, bee of good comfort, shew your selfe a woman, now or neuer.

Wid. Oh, I haue lost the deerest man. I haue buried the sweetest husband that euer lay by woman.

Sir God. Nay giue him his due hee was indeed an honest, vertuous, discreet wise-man, — hee was my Brother, as right, as right.

Wid. O, I shall neuer forget him, neuer forget him, hee was a man so well giuen to a woman---oh!

Sir Godf. Nay but kinde Sister, I could weepe as much as any woman, but alas our teares cannot call him againe: me thinkes you are well read Sister, and know that death is as common as *Homo* a common name to all men: ---a man shall bee taken when hee's making water, ---Nay, did not the learned Parson Maister *Pigman* tell vs een now, that all Flesh is fraile, wee are borne to dye, Man ha's but a time: with such like deepe and profound perswasions, as hee is a rare fellow you know and an excellent Reader: and for example, (as there are examples aboundance.) did not Sir *Humfrey Bubble* dye tother day there's a lustie Widdow, why shee cryed not aboue halfe an houre--for shame, for shame: then followed him old Maister *Fulsome* the Vsurer, there's a wise Widdow, why shee cryed nere a whitte at all.

Wid O rancke not mee with those wicked women, I had a Husband out-shinde 'em all.

Syr Godf. I that he did Ifaith, h'e out-ſhind 'em all.

Widd. Dooſt thou ſtand there and ſee vs all weepe, and not once ſhed a teare for thy fathers death? oh thou vngratious ſonne and heyre thou?

Edm. Troth Mother I ſhould not weepe I'me ſure; I am paſt a childe I hope, to make all my old Schoole fellowes laughe at me; I ſhould bee mockt, ſo I ſhould; Pray let one of my Siſters weepe for mee, Ile laughe as much for her another time?

Widd. Oh thou paſt-Grace thou, out of my ſight, thou graceleſſe impe, thou grieueſt mee more then the death of thy Father? oh thou ſtubborne onely ſonne? hadſt thou ſuch an honeſt man to thy Father ---that would deceaue all the world to get riches for thee, and canſt thou not afforde a little ſalt water? he that ſo wiſely did quite ouer-throw the right heyre of thoſe lands, which now you reſpect not, vp euery morning betwixt foure and fiue ſo duely at Weſtminſter Hall euery Tearme-Time, with all his Cardes and writings, for thee thou wicked *Abſolon*- --oh deare husband!

Edm. Weep? quotha? I proteſt I am glad hee's Churched? for now hee's gone I ſhall ſpend in quiet?

Fran. Deere mother; pray ceaſe, halfe your Teares ſuffize,
Tis time for you to take truce with youre eyes,
Let me weepe now?

Widd. Oh ſuch a deere knight! ſuch a ſweete husband haue I loſt, haue I loſt? ---if Bleſſed bee the coarſe the raine raynes vpon, he had it, powring downe?

Syr Godf. Siſter? be of good cheere, wee are all mortall our ſelues, I come vppon you freſhly, I neare ſpeake without comfort, heere me what I ſhall ſay;---my brother ha's left you wellthy, y'are rich.

Widd. Oh!

Syr Godf. I ſay y'ar rich? you are alſo faire.

Widd. Oh!

Sir Godf. Goe too y'are faire, you cannot ſmother it, beauty will come to light; nor are your yeares ſo farre enter'd with you; but that you will bee ſought after; and may very well anſwere another husband; the world is full of fine Gallants, cho ſe

choyse enow Sister, ---for what should wee doe with all our Knights I pray? but to marry riche widdowes, wealthy Cittizens widdowes; lusty faire--browd Ladies; go too, bee of good comfort I say leaue snobbing and weeping----yet my Brother was a kinde hearted man----I would not haue the Elfe see mee now? ---come pluck vp a womans heart --- here stands your Daughters, who be well estated, and at maturity will also bee enquir'd after with good husbands, so all these teares shall bee soone dryed vp and a better world then euer-----what? Woman? you must not weepe still? hee's dead hee's buried----yet I cannot chuse but weepe for him!

Wid. Marry againe! no! let me be buried quick then!
And thar same part of Quire whereon I tread
To such intent, O may it be my graue;
And that the Priest may turne his wedding praiers,
E'en with a breath, to funerall dust and ashes;
Oh, out of a million of millions, I should nere finde such a husband; hee was vnmatchable,---vnmatchable? nothing was so hot, nor to deere for mee, I could not speake of that one thing, that I had not, beside I had keyes of all, kept all, receiu'd all, had money in my purse, spent what I would, went abroad when I would, came home when I would, and did all what I would? Oh---my sweete husband; I shall neuer haue the like?

Sir Godf. Sister? nere say so; hee was an honest brother of mine, and so, and you may light vpon one as honest againe, or one, as honest againe may light vpon you, that's the properer phrase indeed?

Wid. Neuer? oh if you loue me vrge it not,
Oh may I be the by-word of the world,
The common talke at Table in the mouth
Of euery Groome and Wayter, if e're more
I entertaine the carnall suite of Man?

Mol. I must kneele downe for fashion too?

Franck. And I, whom neuer man as yet hath scalde
Ee'n in this depth of generall sorrow, vowe

Neuer to marry, to ſuſtaine ſuch loſſe
As a deere husband ſeemes to be, once dead?
Mol. I lou'd my father well too; but to ſay,
Nay now, I would not marry for her death?
Sure I ſhould ſpeake falſe Latin; ſhould I not?
Ide as ſoone vow neuer to come in Bed,
Tut? Women muſt liue by th' quick, and not by th' dead.
Wid. Deare Copie of my husband, oh let me kiſſe thee:
How like him is their Model? their briefe Picture *Drawing out*
Quickens my teares: my ſorrowes are renew'd *her husbands*
At their freſh ſight? *Picture.*
Sir Godf. Siſter——
Wid. Away,
All honeſty with him is turn'd to clay,
Oh my ſweete husband, oh——
Franck. My deere father? *Exeunt mother and daughters.*
Mol. Heres a puling indeede! I thinke my Mother weepes for all the women that euer buried husbands: for if from time to time all the Widdowers teares in England had beene bottled vp, I do not thinke all would haue fild a three-halfe-penny Bottle; Alaſſe a ſmall matter bucks a hand-kercher,—— and ſomtimes the ſpittle ſtands to nie Saint *Thomas* a Watrings; well, I can mourne in good ſober ſort as well as another? but where I ſpend one teare for a dead Father, I could giue twenty kiſſes for a quick husband. *Exit Moll.*
Sir Godf. Well, go thy waies old *Sir Godfrey*, and thou maiſt be proud on't, thou haſt a kinde louing ſiſter-in-lawe; how conſtant? how paſſionate? how full of Aprill the poore ſoules eyes are; well, I would my Brother knew on't, he ſhould then know what a kinde wife hee had left behinde him; truth and twere not for ſhame that the Neighbours at th' next garden ſhould heare me betweene ioye and griefe, I ſhould e'en cry out-right!
Exit Sir Godfrey.
Edmond. So, a faire riddance, my fathers layde in duſt his Coffin and he is like a whole-meate-pye, and the wormes will cut him vp ſhortlie; farewell old Dad, farewell, Ile be curb'd in no more, I, I perceiue a ſonne and heire may quickly be made

a foole and he will be one, but Ile take another order;---Now she would haue me weepe for him for-sooth, and why? because he cozn'd the right heire beeing a foole, and bestow'd those Lands vpon me his eldest Son; and therefore I must weepe for him ha, ha; Why al the world knowes as long as twas his pleasure to get me, twas his duety to get for me: I know the law in that point no Attorney can gull me; Well, my Vncle is an olde Asse, and an Admirable Cockscombe, Ile rule the Roast my selfe, Ile be kept vnder no more, I know what I may do well inough by my Fathers Copy: the Lawe's in mine owne hands now: nay now I know my strength, Ile be strong inough for my Mother I warrant you? *Exit.*

Enter George Py-bord *a scholler and a Cittizen and vnto him an old souldier*, Peter Skirmish.

Pye. What's to be done now? old Lad of War; thou that wert wont to be as hot as a turn-spit, as nimble as a fencer, & as lowzy as a schoole-maister; now thou art put to silence like a Sectarie? --- War sitts now like a Iustice of peace, and does nothing, where be your Muskets, Caleiuers and Hotshots? in *Long-lane*, at Pawne, at Pawne;---Now keies; are your onely Guns, Key-guns, Key-guns, & Bawdes the Gunners,---who are your centinells in peace, and stand ready charg'd to giue warning; with hems, hums, & pockey-coffs; only your Chambers are licenc'st to play vpon you, and Drabs enow to giue fire to 'em.

Skir. Well, I cannot tell, but I am sure it goes wrong with me, for since the cessure of the wars, I haue spent aboue a hundred crownes out a purse: I haue beene a souldier any time this forty yeares, and now I perceiue an olde souldier, and an olde Courtier haue both one destinie, and in the end turne both into hob-nayles.

Pie. Prety mistery for a begger, for indeed a hob-naile is the true embleme of a beggers shoo-soale;

Skir. I will not say but that warre is a bloud-sucker, and so; but in my conscience, (as there is no souldier but has a peice of one, tho it bee full of holes like a shot Antient, no matter, twill serue to sweare by) in my conscience, I thinke some kinde of

Peace, ha's more hidden oppreſſions, and violent heady ſinnes, (tho looking of a gentle nature) then a profeſt warre.

Pye. Troth, and for mine owne part, I am a poore Gentleman, & a Scholler, I haue beene matriculated in the Vniuerſitie, wore out ſixe Gownes there, ſeene ſome fooles, and ſome Schollers, ſome of the Citty, and ſome of the Countrie, kept order, went bare-headed ouer the Quadrangle, eate my Commons with a good ſtomacke, and Battled with Diſcretion; at laſt, hauing done many ſlights and trickes to maintaine my witte in vſe (as my braine would neuer endure mee to bee idle,) I was expeld the Vniuerſitie, onely for ſtealing a Cheeſe out of *Ieſus* Colledge.

Skir. Iſt poſſible?

Pye. Oh! there was one *Welſhman* (God forgiue him) purſued it hard; and neuer left, till I turnde my ſtaffe toward *London*, where when I came, all my friends were pitt-hold, gone to *Graues*, (as indeed there was but a few left before) then was I turnde to my wittes', to ſhift in the world, to towre among Sonnes and Heyres, and Fooles, and Gulls, and Ladyes eldeſt Sonnes, to worke vpon nothing, to feede out of Flint, and euer ſince has my belly beene much beholding to my braine: But now to returne to you old *Skirmiſh*. I ſay as you ſay, and for my part wiſh a Turbulency in the world, for I haue nothing to looſe but my wittes, and I thinke they are as mad as they will be: and to ſtrengthen your Argument the more, I ſay an honeſt warre, is better then a bawdy peace: as touching my profeſſion; The multiplicitie of Schollers, hatcht, and nouriſht, in the idle Calmes of peace, makes 'em like Fiſhes one deuoure another; and the communitie of Learning ha's ſo plaide vpon affections, and thereby almoſt Religion is come about to Phantaſie, and diſcredited by being too much ſpoken off---in ſo many & meane mouths. I my ſelfe being a Scholler and a Graduate, haue no other comfort by my learning, but the Affliction of my words, to know how Scholler-like to name what I want, & can call my ſelfe a Begger both in Grecke and Lattin, and therfore not to cogg with Peace, Ile not be afraide to ſay, 'tis a great Breeder, but a barren Nouriſher: a great-getter of Children, which muſt either be Theeues or Rich-men, Knaues or Beggers.

Skir. Well.

Skirmish. Well, would I had beene borne a Knaue then, when I was borne a Begger, for if the truth were knowne, I thinke I was begot when my Father had neuer a penny in his purse.

Pye. Puh, faint not old *Skirmish*, let this warrant thee, *Facilis Descensus Auerni*, 'tis an easie iourney to a Knaue', thou maist bee a Knaue when thou wilt; and Peace is a good Madam to all other professions, and an arrant Drabbe to vs, let vs handle her accordingly, and by our wittes thriue in despight of her; for since the lawe liues by quarrells, the Courtier by smooth God-morrowes, and euery profession makes it selfe greater by imperfections, why not wee then by shiftes, wiles, and forgeries? and seeing our braines are our onely Patrimonies, let's spend with iudgment, not like a desperate sonne and heire, but like a sober and discreete Templer,—one that will neuer marche beyond the bounds of his allowance, and for our thriuing meanes, thus, I my selfe will put on the Deceit of a Fortune-teller, a Fortune-teller.

Skirm. Very proper.

Pye. And you of a figure-caster, or a Coniurer.

Skir. A Coniurer.

Pye. Let me alone, Ile instruct you, and teach you to deceiue all eyes, but the Diuels.

Skir. Oh I, for I would not deceiue him and I could choose, of all others.

Pye. Feare not I warrant you; and so by those meanes wee shall helpe one another to Patients, as the condition of the age affoords creatures enow for cunning to worke vpon.

Skir. Oh wondrous new fooles and fresh Asses.

Pye. Oh, fit, fit, excellent.

Skir. What in the name of Coniuring?

Pye-boord. My memorie greetes mee happily with an admirable subiect to graze vpon, The Lady-Widdow, who of late I sawe weeping in her Garden for the death of her Husband, sure she'as but a watrish soule, and halfe on't by this time is dropt out of her Eyes: deuice well managde may doe good vppon her: it stands firme, my first practise shall bee there?

Skir. You haue my voyce *George*?

Pye-boord. Sh'as a gray Gull to her Brother, a foole to her onely sonne, and an Ape to her yongest Daughter; ---- I ouerheard 'em seuerally, and from their words Ile deriue my deuice; and thou old *Peter Skirmish* shall be my second in all slights.

Skir. Nere doubt mee *George Pye-boord*, ---- onely you must teach me to coniure.

Enter Captaine Idle, *pinioned, & with a guarde of Officers passeth ouer the Stage.*

Pye. Puh, Ile perfect thee, *Peter*: How now? what's hee?

Skir. Oh *George*! this sight kils me, Tis my sworne Brother, Captaine *Idle*.

Pye. Captaine *Idle*.

Skir. Apprehended for some fellonious act or other, hee has started out, h'as made a Night on't, lackt siluer; I cannot but commend his resolution, he would not pawne his Buffe-Ierkin, I would eyther some of vs were employde, or might pitch our Tents at Vsurers doores, to kill the slaues as they peepe out at the Wicket.

Pye. Indeed those are our ancient Enimies; they keepe our money in their hands, and make vs to bee hangd for robbing of 'em, but come letts follow after to the Prison, and know the Nature of his offence, and what we can steed him in, hee shall be sure of; and Ile vphold it still, that a charitable Knaue, is better then a soothing Puritaine. *Exeunt.*

Enter at one doore Corporall Oth, *a Vaine-glorious fellow, and at the other, three of the Widdow Puritaines Seruingmen*, Nicholas Saint-Tantlings, Simon Saint-Mary-Oueries, *and* Frailtie *in black scuruie mourning coates, and Bookes at their Girdles, as comming from Church. They meete.*

Nich. What Corporall *Oth*? I am sorry we haue met with you next our hearts; you are the man that we are forbidden to keepe company withall, wee must not sweare I can tell you, and you haue the name for swearing.

Sim. I, Corporall *Oth*, I would you would do so much as forsake vs sir, we cannot abide you, wee must not be seene in your company.

Frailtie.

Frail. There is none of vs I can tell you, but shall be soundly whipt for swearing.

Corp. Why how now? we three? Puritanicall Scrape-shoes, Flesh a good Fridayes? a hand.

All. Oh.

Corp. Why *Nicholas Saint-Tantlings, Simon Saint Mary Ouries*, ha's the Deele possest you, that you sweare no better, you halfe-Christned *Katemites*, you vngod-motherd Varlets, do's the first lesson teach you to bee proud, and the second to bee Cocks-combes; proud Cocks-combes? not once to doe dutie to a man of Marke.

Frail. A man of Marke, quatha, I doe not thinke he can shew a Beggers Noble.

Corpo. A Corporall, a Commander, one of spirit, that is able to blowe you vp all drye with your Bookes at your Girdles.

Simon. Wee are not taught to beleeue that sir, for we know the breath of man is weake? *Corporall breaths vpon* Frailtie.

Frail. Foh, you lie *Nicholas*; for here's one strong inough; blowe vs vp quatha, hee may well blow me aboue twelue-score off an him? I warrant if the winde stood right, a man might smell him from the top of Newgate, to the Leades of Ludgate?

Corp. Sirrah, thou Hollow-Booke of Waxe-candle.

Nicho. I, you may say what you will, so you sweare not.

Corp. I sweare by the ——

Nicho. Hold, hold, good Corporall *Oth*; for if you sweare once, wee shall all fall downe in a sownie presently.

Corp. I must and will sweare: you quiuering Cocks-combes, my Captaine is imprisoned, and by *Vulcans* Lether Cod-piece point ——————

Nich. O *Simon*, what an oth was there.

Frail. If hee should chance to breake it, the poore mans Breeches would fall downe about his heeles, for *Venus* allowes him but one point to his hose?

Corpor. With these my Bullye-Feete, I will thumpe ope the Prison doores, and braine the Keeper with the begging Boxe, but Ile set my honest sweete Captaine *Idle* at libertie.

Nich. How, Captaine *Ydle*, my olde Aunts ſonne, my deere Kinſman in Capadochio.

Cor. I, thou Church-peeling, thou Holy-paring, religious outſide thou? if thou haſt any grace in thee, thou would'ſt viſit him, releiue him, ſweare to get him out?

Nicho. Aſſure you Corporall indeed-la, tis the firſt time I heard on't,

Cor. Why do't now then, *Marmaſet*? bring forth thy yearly-wages, let not a Commander periſh!

Simon. But, if hee bee one of the wicked, hee ſhall! periſh.

Nich. Well Corporall, Ile e'en along with you, to viſit my Kinſman, if I can do him any good, I will,--but I haue nothing for him, *Simon* Saint *Mary Oueris* and *Fraylty*, pray make a lie for me to the Knight my Maiſter, old Sir *Godfrey*.

Cor. A lie? may you lie then?

Fray. O I, we may lie, but me muſt not ſweare.

Sim. True, wee may lie with our Neighbors wife, but wee muſt not ſweare we did ſo;

Cor. Oh, an excellent Tag of religion?

Nic. Oh *Simon*, I haue thought vpon a ſound excuſe, it will go currant, ſay that I am gon to a Faſt;

Sim. To a Faſt, very good?

Nic. I, to a Faſt ſay, with Maiſter *Ful-bellie* the Miniſter.

Sim. Maiſter *Ful-bellie*? an honeſt man: he feedes the flock well, for he's an excellent feeder? *Exit Corporal, Nicholas.*

Fray. O I, I haue ſeene him eate vp a whole Pigge, and afterward falls to the pettitoes? *Exit Simon and Fraylty.*

The Priſon, Marſhalſea.

Enter Captaine Ydle *at one dore, and old ſouldier at the other.*

George Py-boord, *ſpeaking within.*

Pye. Pray turne the key.

Skir.

Sker. Turne the key I pray?

Cap. Who should those be, I almost know their voyces?
O my friends? *Entring.*
Ya're welcome to a smelling Roome here? you newly tooke leaue of the ayre, ist not a strange sauour?

Pie. As all prisons haue, smells of sundry wretches;
Who tho departed, leaue their sents behind 'em,
By Gold Captaine, I am sincerely sory for thee.

Cap. By my troth *George* I thanke thee; but pish, ---what must be, must bee.

Skir. Captaine, what doe you lie in for? ist great? what's your offence?

Cap. Faith, my offence is ordinarie,-- common? A Hie-waye, and I feare mee my penaltie will be ordinarie and common too, a halter.

Pie. Nay prophecy not so ill, it shall go heard
But Ile shift for thy life.

Cap. Whether I liue or die, thou'art an honest *George*? Ile tell you--- siluer slou'd not with mee, as it had done, (for now the tide runnes to Bawdes and flatterers) I had a start out, and by chaunce set vpon a fat steward, thinking his purse had beene as pursey as his bodie; and the slaue had about him but the poore purchase of tenne groates: notwithstanding beeing descryed, pursued, and taken, I know the Law is so grim: in respect of many desprate-vnsetled souldiours, that I feare mee I shall daunce after their pipe for't.

Skir. I am twice sory for you *Captaine*: first that your purchase was so small, and now that your danger is so great.

Cap. Push, the worst is but death, ---ha you a pipe of Tobacco about you?

Skir. I thinke, I haue there abouts about me!
Cap. blowes a pipe.

Cap. Her's a cleane Gentleman too, to receiue?

Pie. Well, I must cast about, some happy slight,
Worke braine, that euer didst thy Maister right?

Cor. Keeper? let the key be turn'd! *Corporall and Nicholas*
Nic. I, I pray Maister keeper giues a cast of your office? *within.*
Cap. How now: more Visuants?---what Corporall *Oth?*

Pie.

Pie, Skir. Corporal?

Cor. In prison honest Captaine? this must not be?

Nic. How do you Captaine Kinsman?

Cap. Good Cocks-combe? what makes that pure---starch'd foole here?

Nic. You see Kinsman I am som-what bould to call in, and see how you do, I heard you were safe inough, and I was very glad on't that it was no worse;

Cap. This is a double torture now,---this foole by'th booke
Do's vexe me more then my imprisonment?
What meant you Corporall to hooke him hither?

Cor. Who he? he shall releiue thee, and supply thee,
Ile make him doo't;

Cap. Fie, what vaine breath you spend!
hee supply? Ile sooner expect mercy from a Vsurer when my bond s forfetted, sooner kindnesse from a Lawier when my mony's spent: nay sooner charity from the deuill, then good from a Puritaine? Ile looke for releife from him, when Lucifer is restor'd to his bloud, and in Heauen againe!

Nic. I warrant my Kinsman's talking of me, for my left eare burnes most tyrannically?

Pie. Captaine *Idle*? what's he there? hee lookes like a Monkey vpward; and a Crane downe-ward.

Cap. Pshaw; a foolish Cozen of mine; I must thanke God for him.

Pie. Why the better subiect to worke a scape vpon; thou shalt e'en change clothes with him, and leaue him here, and so;

Cap. Push, I publish't him e'en now to my Corporall, hee will be damn'd, ere hee do me so much good; why I know a more proper, a more handsome deuice then that, if the slaue would be sociable----now goodman *Fleere-face*?

Nic. Oh, my Cozen begins to speake to me now, I shall bee acquainted with him againe I hope,

Skirmish. Looke what ridiculous Raptures take hold of his wrinckles,

Pye. Then what say you to this deuice, a happy one Captaine?

Capt. Speake lovve *George*; Prison Rattes haue vvider eares then those in Malt-losts,

Nich.

Nic. Cozen, if it lay in my power, as they say?—to—do;

Cap. I would do me an exceeding pleasure indeed that, but nere talke forder on't, the foole will be hang'd, ere he do't.

Cor. Pax, Ile thump 'em to't.

Pie. Why doe but trie the Fopster, and breake it to him bluntly.

Cap. And so my disgrace will dwell in his Iawes, and the slaue slauer out our purpose to his Maister, for would I were but as sure on't as I am sure he will deny to do't.

Nic. I would bee heartily glad Cozen, if any of my friend-ships, as they say, might—stand, ah,

Pie. Why, you see he offers his friend-ship foolishly to you alreadie?

Captain. I, that's the hell on't, I would hee would offer it wisely?

Nich. Verily, and indeed-la, Couzen?—

Cap. I haue tooke note of thy fleeres a good while, if thou art minded to do mee good? as thou gapst vpon me comfortably, and giu'st me charitable faces? which indeede is but a fashion in you all that are Puritaines? wilt soone at night steale me thy Maisters chaine?

Nich. Oh, I shall sowne!

Pie. Corporal, he starts already!

Cap. I know it to be worth three hundred Crownes, & with the halfe of that, I can buy my life at a Brokers, at second hand, which now lies in pawne to'th Lawe, if this thou refuse to do, being easie and nothing dangerous, in that thou art held in good opinion of thy Maister, why tis a palpable Argument thou holdst my life at no price, and these thy broken & vnioynted offers, are but only created in thy lip, now borne, and now buried, foolish breath onlie? what; woult do't? shall I looke for happinesse in thy answere?

Nic. Steale my Maisters chaine quo'the? no, it shal nere bee sayd, that *Nicholas* Saint Tantlings committed Bird-lime!

Cap. Nay, I told you as much; did I not; tho he be a Puritaine yet he will be a true man?

Nich. Why Couzen? you know tis written, thou shalt not steale?

Cap. Why, and foole, thou shalt loue thy Neighbour, and helpe him in extremities?

Nich. Masse I thinke it bee indeede, in what Chapter's that Couzen?

Cap. Why in the first of Charity, the 2. verse.

Nich. The first of Charity, qua tha, that's a good iest, there's no such Chapter in my booke!

Cap. No, I knew twas torne out of thy Booke, & that makes so little in thy heart.

Pie. Come, let me tell you, ya're too vnkinde a Kinsman yfaith; the Captaine louing you so deerely, I, like the Pomwater of his eye, and you to be so vncomfortable, fie, fie.

Nic. Pray do not wish me to bee hangd, any thing else that I can do, had it beene to rob, I would ha don't, but I must not steale, that's the word the literall, thou shalt not steale? and would you wish me to steale then?

Pie. No faith, that were to much, to speake truth: why woult thou nim it from him.

Nich. That I will?

Pie. Why ynough bullie; hee shall bee content with that, or he shall ha none; let mee alone with him now! Captaine, I ha dealt with your Kins-man in a Corner; a good---kinde---naturde fellow, mee thinkes: goe too, you shall not haue all your owne asking, you shall bate somewhat on't, he is not contented absolutely as you would say to steale the chaine from him, --- but to do you a pleasure, he will nim it from him.

Nich. I, that I will, Couzen.

Cap. Well seeing he will doe no more, as far as I see I must bee contented with that.

Cor. Here's no notable gullery?

Pie. Nay Ile come neerer to you Gentleman? because weele haue onely but a helpe and a mirth on't, the knight shall not loose his chaine neither, but be only laide out of the way some one or two daies?

Nich. I, that would be good indeed? Kinsman?

Pie. For I haue a farder reach to profit vs better by the missing on't onelie, then if wee had it out-right, as my discourse shall make it knowne too you? --- when thou hast the chaine, do but

conuay

conuay it out at back-dore into the Garden, and there hang it close in the Rosemary banck, but for a small season; and by that harmlesse deuise, I know how to winde Captaine *Idle*, out of prison, the Knight thy Maister shall get his pardon and release him, & he satisfie thy Maister with his own chaine & wondrous thankes on both hands.

Nich. That were rare indeed la: pray let me know how?

Pie. Nay tis very necessary thou shouldst know, because thou must be imploide as an Actor?

Nich. An Actor? O no, that's a Plaier? and our Parson railes againe Plaiers mightily I can tell you, because they brought him drunck vpp'oth Stage once, ——as hee will bee horribly druncke.

Cor. Masse I cannot blame him then, poore Church-spout?

Pie. Why as an Intermedler then?

Nich. I that, that.

Pie. Giue me Audience then? when the old Knight thy Maister has radge his fill for the losse of the chaine, tell him thou hast a Kinsman in prison, of such exquisit Art, that the diuill himselfe is french Lackey to him, and runnes bare-headed by his horse --- bellie (when hee has one) whome hee will cause with most *Irish* Dexterity to fetch his chaine, tho twere hid vnder a mine of sea-cole, and nere make Spade or Pickaxe his instruments, tell him but this with farder instructions thou shalt receiue from mee, and thou shoust thy selfe a Kinsman indeed.

Cor. A dainty Bullie.

Skir. An honest--Booke-keeper.

Cap. And my three times thrice hunnie Couzen.

Nich. Nay grace of God Ile robbe him on't suddainlie? and hang it in the Rosemary banck, but I beare that minde Couzen I would not steale any thing mee thinkes for mine owne Father.

Skir. He beares a good minde in that Captaine!

Pie. Why well sayde, he begins to be an honest fellow faith.

Cor. In troth he does.

Nich. You see Couzen, I am willing to do you any kindnesse, alwaies sauing my selfe harmelesse? *Exit Nicholas.*

Captaine. Why I thanke thee, fare thee well, I ſhall requite it. *Exit* Nich.

Cor. Twill bee good for thee Captaine, that thou haſt ſuch an egregious Aſſe to thy Coozen.

Cap. I, is hee not a fine foole Corporall?
But *George* thou talkſt of Art and Coniuring,
How ſhall that bee?

Peb. Puh, bee't not in your care,
Leaue that to me and my directions;
Well Captaine doubt not thy deliuerie now,
E'en with the vantage man, to gaine by priſon,
As my thoughts prompt me: hold on braine and plot,
I ayme at many cunning far euents,
All which I doubt not but to hit at length,
Ile to the Widdow with a quaint aſſault,
Captaine be merry.

Capt. Who I? Kerrie merry Buffe-Ierkin?

Pye. Oh, I am happy in more ſlights, and one will knit ſtrong in another --- Corporall *Oth?*

Corp. Hoh Bully?

Pye. And thou old *Peter Skirmiſh*, I haue a neceſſary taske for you both.

Skir. Lay't vpon *George Pye-boord.*

Corp. What ere it bee, weele manage it.

Pye. I would haue you two maintaine a quarrell before the Lady Widdowes doore, and drawe your ſwords i'th edge of the Euening; claſh a little, claſh, claſh.

Corp. Fuh.
Let vs alone to make our Blades ring noone,
Tho it be after Supper.

Pye. Know you can;
And out of that falſe fire, I doubt not but to raiſe ſtrange beleefe—and Captaine to countenance my deuice the better, and grace my words to the Widdow, I haue a good plaine Sattin ſute, that I had of a yong Reueller t'other night, for words paſſe not regarded now a dayes vnleſſe they come from a good ſuite of cloaths, which the Fates and my wittes haue beſtowed vpon me. Well Captaine *Idle*, if I did not highly loue thee, I would

nere

nere bee ſeene within twelue ſcore of a priſon, for I proteſt at this inſtant, I walke in great danger of ſmall debts; I owe money to ſeuerall Hoſtiſſes, and you know ſuch bills will quickly be vpon a mans back.

Capt. True *George?*

Pye. Fare thee well Captaine. Come Corporall and Ancient? thou ſhalt heare more newes next time we greete thee?

Corp. More newes? I; by yon Beare at Bridge-Foote in heauen ſhalt thou. *Exeunt.*

Capt. Inough: my friends farewell,
This priſon ſhewes as if Ghoſts did part in Hell.

Enter Moll *yongeſt Daughter to the Widdow: alone.*

Moll. Not *Marry*: forſweare Marriage? why all women know 'tis as honorable a thing as to lye with a man; and I to ſpight my Siſters vowe the more, haue entertainde a ſuter already a fine gallant Knight of the laſt Fether, hee ſayes he will Coach mee too, and well appoint mee, allow mee money to Dice with-all, and many ſuch pleaſing proteſtations hee ſticks vpon my lips; indeed his ſhort-winded Father ith' Countrie is wondrous wealthy, a moſt abhominable Farmer, and therefore hee may doote in time: troth Ile venture vpon him; women are not without wayes enow to helpe them-ſelues, if he proue wiſe and good as his word, why I ſhall loue him, and vſe him kindly: and if hee prooue an Aſſe, why in a quarter of an houres warning I can transforme him into an Oxe; ---- there comes in my Reliefe agen.

Enter Frailtie.

Frail. O Miſtreſſe *Moll*, Miſtreſſe *Moll.*
Moll. How now? what's the newes?
Frail. The Knight your ſuter, ſir *Iohn Penny-Dub.*
Moll. Sir *Iohn Penny-Dub*? where? where?
Frail. Hee's walking in the Gallerie.
Moll. Ha's my Mother ſeene him yet.
Frail. O no, ſhee's —— ſpitting in the Kitchin.

Moll. Direct him hether softly, good *Frailtie*, ——
Ile meete him halfe way.

Frail. That's iust like running a Tilt; but I hope heele breake nothing this time.

Enter Sir Iohn Penny-Dub.

Moll. 'Tis happineſſe my Mother ſaw him not:
O welcome good Sir *Iohn*.

Penny-dub. I thanke you faith, ---Nay you muſt ſtand mee, till I kiſſe you: 'tis the faſhion euery where I-faith, and I came from Court enow?

Moll. Nay the Fates forfend that I ſhould anger the faſhion?

Penny. Then not forgetting the ſweete of new ceremonies, I firſt fall back, then recouering my ſelfe; make my honour to your lip thus: and then accoſt it.

Moll. Truſt me, very pritty, and mouing, y'are worthy on't ſir.—
O my Mother, my Mother, now ſhee's here, *Kiſſing: Ent. Widdow & Sir Godfr.*
Weele ſteale into the Gallery. *Exeunt.*

Sir Godf. Nay Siſter, let Reaſon rule you, doe not play the foole, ſtand not in your owne light, you haue wealthy offers, large tendrings, doe not with-ſtand your good fortune: who comes a wooing to you I pray? no ſmall foole, a rich Knight ath Citty, Sir *Oliuer Muck-hill*, no ſmall foole I can tell you: and furthermore as I heard late by your Maide-ſeruants, (as your Maide-ſeruants will ſay to mee any thing I thanke 'em) both your Daughters are not without Suters, I, and worthy ones too? one a Briske Courtier, Sir *Andrew Tip-ſtaffe*; ſuter a farre off to your eldeſt Daughter, and the third a huge-welthie Farmers ſonne. a fine young Countrie Knight, they call him Sir *Iohn Penny-Dab*, a good name marry, hee may haue it coynde when hee lackes money: what bleſſings are theſe Siſter?

Wid. Tempt me not Satan.

Sir Godf. Satan? doe I looke like Satan? I hope the Deuill's not ſo old as I, I tro.

Wid. You wound my ſences Brother, when you name,
A ſuter to me —oh I cannot abide it,
I take in poiſon when I heare one nam'd, *Enter* Simon.
How now *Simon*? where's my ſonne *Edmund*?

Simon.

Sim. Verily Madame, hee is at vaine Exercise, dripping in he Tennis-court.

Wid. At Tennis-court? oh, now his father's gon, I shall haue no rule with him; oh wicked *Edmond*, I might well compare this with the Prophecie in the Chronicle, tho farre inferior, as *Harry* of *Monmouth* woone all, and *Harry* of *Windsor* lost all, so *Edmund* of *Bristow* that was the Father, got all, and *Edmond* of *London* that's his sonne now, will spend all?

Sir Godf. Peace Sister, weele haue hem reformd, there's hope on him yet, tho it be but a little.

Enter Frailtie.

Frail. Forsooth Madam? there are two or three Archers at doore, would very gladly speake with your Ladyship.

Wid. Archers?

Sir Godf. Your husbands Fletcher I warrant.

Wid. Oh,
Let them come neere, they bring home things of his,
Troth I should ha forgot 'em, how now?
Villaine, which be those Archers?

Enter the suters Sir Andrew Tipstaffe, *Sir* Oliuer Muck-hill, *and* Penny-dub.

Frail. Why do you not see 'em before you, are not these Archers, what do you call 'em Shooters: Shooters and Archers are all one I hope.

Wid. Out ignorant slaue.

Muck. Nay pray be patient Lady,
We come in way of honorable loue.

Tipst. Penny. Wee doe.

Muck. To you.

Tipst. Penny. And to your Daughters?

Widdow. O why will you offer mee this Gentlemen? indeed I will not looke vppon you; when the Teares are scarce out of mine Eyes, not yet washt off from my Cheekes, and my deere husbands body scarse so colde as the Coffin, what reason haue you to offer it? I am not like some of your Widdowes that will burie one in the Euening, and bee sure to another ere morning? pray away, pray, take your answeres good

Knights,

Knights, and you bee sweete Knights, Ihaue vow'd neuer to marry; -- and so haue my daughters too!

Penny. I two of you haue, but the thirds a good wench!

Muck. Lady, a shrewde answere marry; the best is, tis but the first, and hee's a blunt wooer, that will leaue for one sharpe answere.

Tip. Where bee your daughters Lady, I hope theile giue vs better encouragements?

Wid. Indeed theyle answere you so, tak't a my word theile giue you the very same answere *Verbatim* truely la;

Penny. Mum: *Moll's* a good wench still, I know what shee'le doo?

Muck. Well, Lady, for this time weele take our leaues, hoping for better comfort.

Wid. O neuer, neuer? and I liue these thousand yeares; and you bee good Knights doe not hope; twill bee all Vaine, Vayne,---- looke you, put off all yours suites, and you come to me againe.

Fray. Put off all their suites, qua tha? I, that's the best wooing of a Widdow indeed, when a man's Nonsuted, that is, when he's a bed with her.

Going out, Muckhill and sir Godfrey.

Muck. Sir *Godfrey*? here's twenty Angells more worke hard for me; there's life int yet. *Exit Muckhill.*

Sir Godf. Feare not Sir *Oliuer Muckhill*, Ile stick close for you, leaue all with me.

Enter George Py-boord, *the scholler.*

Pye. By your leaue Ladie Widdow.

Wid. What another suiter now?

Py. A suiter! no I protest Ladie? if you'de giue me your selfe Ide not be troubled with you.

Wid. Say you so Sir, then you're the better welcome sir.

Pie. Nay Heauen blesse mee from a Widdow, vnlesse I were sure to bury her speedily!

Wid. Good bluntnesse: well your businesse sir?

Pie. Very needfull; if you were in priuate once?

Wid. Needfull? brother pray leaue vs; and you sir?

Fray. I should laugh now, if this blunt fellow should put 'em

all

all by side the stirrop, and vault into the saddle himselfe, I haue seene as mad a trick. *Exit* Frailtie.

Enter Daughters.

Wid. Now Sir? --here's none but we--Daughters forbeare.

Pyb. O no, pray let 'em stay, for what I haue to speake importeth equally to them as to you?

Wid. Then you may stay.

Pyb. I pray bestow on me a serious eare,
For what I speake is full of weight and feare?

Wid. Feare?

Pyb. I ift passe vnregarded, and vneffected,
Else peace and ioy: --I pray Attention?
Widdowe? I haue beene a meere stranger for these parts that you liue in, nor did I euer know the Husband of you, and Father of them, but I truly know by certaine spirituall Intelligence, that he is in Purgatorie?

Wid. Purgatorie? tuh; that word deserues to bee spit vpon; I wonder that a man of sober toung as you seeme to be, should haue the folly to beleeue there's such a place.

Pyb. Well Lady, in cold bloud I speake it, I assure you that there is a Purgatory, in which place I know your husband to recide, and wherein he is like to remaine, till the dissolution of the world, till the last generall Bon-fire: when all the earth shall melt into nothing. And the Seas scalde their finnie labourers: so long is his abidance, vnlesse you alter the propertie of your purpose, together with each of your *D*aughters theirs, that is, the purpose of single life in your selfe and your eldest Daughter, and the speedie determination of marriage in your youngest.

Moll. How knowes hee that, what, h'as some Deuill told him?

Wid. Strange he should know our thoughts: ——
Why but Daughter haue you purposde speedy Marriage?

Pyb. You see she tels you I, for shee sayes nothing.
Nay giue me credit as you please, I am a stranger to you, and and yet you see I know your determinations, which must come to mee Metaphisically, and by a super-naturall intelligence.

VVid. This puts Amazement on me?

Franck. Know our ſeacrets.

Mol. Ide thought to ſteale a marriage, would his tongue
Had dropt out when he blabt it.

VVid. But ſir, my husband, was too honeſt a dealing man to be now in any purgatories----

Pie. O Do not loade yourconſcience with vntruths,
Tis but meere folly now to guild hem orer
That has paſt but for Copper; Praiſes here,
Cannot vnbinde him there? confeſſe but truth,
I know he got his wealth with a hard gripe:
Oh hardly, hardly?

Wid. This is moſt ſtrange of all, how knowes he that?

Pie. He would eate fooles and ignorant heires cleane vp;
And had his drinck, from many a poore mans browe,
E'en as their labour brewde it?
He would ſcrape ritches to him moſt vniuſtly;
The very durt betweene his nailes was Il-got:
And not his owne,----oh
I groane to ſpeake on't, the though't makes me ſhudder? --- ſhudder?

VVid. It quakes me too, now I thinke on't --- ſir, I am much grieu'd, that you a ſtranger ſhould ſo deeply wrong my dead huſband!

Pie. Oh?

VVid. A man that would keepe Church ſo duly; riſe early, before his ſeruants, and e'en for Religious haſt, go vngarterd, vnbuttend, nay ſir Reuerence vntruſt, to Morning Prayer?

Pie. Oh vff;

VVid. Dine quickly vpon hie-dayes, and when I had great gueſſe, would e'en ſhame me and rize from the Table, to get a good ſeate at an after-noone Sermon?

Pie. There's the diuill, there's the diuill, true, hee thought it Sanctity ynough, if he had kild a man, ſo tad beene done in a Pue, or vndon his Neighour, ſo ta'd beene nere ynough to'th Preacher, Oh; --- a Sermon's a fine ſhort cloake of an houre long, and wil hide the vpper-part of a diſſembler, -- Church, I, he ſeem'd al Church, & his cõſcience was as hard as the Pulpit!

VVid.

VVid. I can no more endure this.

Pie, Nor I widdow
Endure to flatter.

Wid. Is this all your buſineſſe with me?

Pie. No, Lady, tis but the induction too'te,
You may beleiue my ſtraines, I ſtrike all true?
And if your conſcience would leap vp to your tongue, your ſelfe would affirme it, and that you ſhall perceiue I knowe of things to come; as well as I doe of what is preſent, a Brother of your huſbands ſhall ſhortly haue a loſſe!

Wid. A loſſe, marry heauen for-fend, *Sir Godfrey*, my brother!

Pie. Nay keepe in your wonders, till I haue told you the fortunes of yeu all; which are more fearefull, if not happily preuented---for your part & your daughters, if there be not once this day ſome bloud-ſhed before your dore, wheerof the humaine creature dies? two of you the elder ſhall run mad?

Mother and Franck. Oh.

Mol. That's not I yet!

Pie. And with moſt impudent proſtitution ſhow your naked bodies to the veiw of all beholders!

Wid. Our naked bodies? fie for ſhame:

Pie. Attend mee: and your yonger daughter bee ſtrocken dumbe?

Mol. Dumbe? out alaſſe: tis the worſt paine of all for a Woman, Ide rather bee madde, or runne naked, or any thing: dumbe?

Pie. Giue eare? ere the euening fall vpon, Hill Bogge, and Meadow, this my ſpeech ſhal haue paſt probation, and then ſhal I be belieued accordingly.

Widdow. If this bee true, wee are all ſham'de, all vndon?

Mol. Dumbe? Ile ſpeake as much as euer I can poſſible before euening?

Pie. But if it ſo come to paſſe (as for your faire ſakes I wiſh it may) that this preſage of your ſtrange fortũes be preuẽted by that accidẽt of death & bloud-ſhedding which I before told you off: take heed vpõ your liues; that two of you which haue vow'd neuer to marry, ſeeke you out husbands with all preſent ſpeede

and you the third that haue ſuch a deſire to out-ſtrip chaſtitie, looke you meddle not with a husband.

Moll. A double torment.

Pyb. The breach of this keepes your father in Purgatorie, and the puniſhments that ſhall follow you in this world, would with horror kill the Eare ſhould heare 'em related.

Wid. Marry? why I vowd neuer to marry.

Franke. And ſo did I.

Moll. And I vowde neuer to be ſuch an Aſſe, but to marry. what a croſſe Fortune's this?

Pyb. Ladies, tho I bee a Fortune-teller, I cannot better Fortunes, you haue 'em frō me as they are reueald to me: I would they were to your tempers, and fellowes with your blouds, that's all the bitterneſſe I would you.

Widdow. Oh 'tis a iuſt vengeance, for my husbands hard purchaſes.

Pyb. I wiſh you to be-thinke your ſelues, and leaue 'em.

Wid. Ile to Sir *Godfrey* my Brother, and acquaint him with theſe fearefull preſages.

Franck. For Mother they portend loſſes to him.

Wid. Oh I, they doe, they doe,
If any happy iſſue crowne thy words,
I will reward thy cunning.

Pyb. 'Tis enough Lady,
I wiſh no higher. *Exit.*

Mol. Dumbe, and not marry, worſe,
Neither to ſpeake, nor kiſſe, a double curſe? *Exit.*

Pyb. So all this comes well about yet, I play the Fortune-teller, as well as if I had had a Witch to my Grannam: for by good happineſſe, being in my Hoſtiſſes Garden, which neighbours the Orchard of the Widdow, I laid the hole of mine eare to a hole in the wall, and heard 'em make theſe vowes, & ſpeake thoſe words vpon which I wrought theſe aduantages; and to encourage my forgerie the more, I may now perceiue in 'em a naturall ſimplicitie which will eaſily ſwallow an abuſe, if any couering be ouer it: and to confirme my former preſage to the Widdow, I haue aduizde old *Peter Skirmiſh* the Souldier, to hurt Corporall *Oth* vpon the Leg, and in that hurry Ile ruſh amongſt 'em,

'em, and in stead of giuing the Corporal some Cordiall to comfort him, Ile power into his mouth a potion of a sleepy Nature, to make him seeme as dead; for the which the old souldier beeing apprehended, and ready to bee borne to execution, Ile step in, & take vpon me the cure of the dead man, vpon paine of dying the condemneds death: the Corporall will wake at his minute, when the sleepy force has wrought it selfe, and so shall I get my selfe into a most admired opinion, and vnder the pretext of that cunning, beguile as I see occasion: and if that foolish *Nicholas* Saint *Tantlings* keepe true time with the chaine, my plot wil be found; the Captaine deliuered, and my wits applauded among schollers and souldiers for euer. *Exit Py-boord.*

Enter Nicholas Saint Tantlings with the chaine.

Nic. Oh I haue soūd an excellent aduantage to take a way the chaine, my Maister put it off e'en now to say on a new Doublet, and I sneak't it away by little & little most Puritanically! wee shal haue good sport a non when ha's mist it, about my Cozen the Coniurer, the world shall see I'me an honest man of my word for now I'me going to hang it betweene Heauen & Earth among the Rosemary branches. *Exit Nich.*

Actus 3.

Enter Simon Saint Mary-Oueries and Frailty.

Frai. Sirrah *Simon Saint Mary-Oueries*? my Mistris sends away a'l her suiters and puts fleas in their eares?

Sim. Frailty? she dos like an honest chast, and vertuous womā? for widdowes ought not to wallow in the puddle of iniquity.

Fra. Yet *Simon*, many widdowes wil do't, what so comes on't.

Sim. True *Frailtie*, their filthy flesh desires a Coniunction Copulatiue, what strangers are within, *Frailty*?

Frai. Ther's none *Simon*? but Maister *Pilfer* the Tailer: he's aboue with *Sir Godfreie* praysing of a Doublet: and I must trudge anon to fetch Maister Suds the Barber!

Simon. Maister Suds, a good man, he washes the sinns of the Beard cleane.

Skir. How now creatures? whats a clock.

Enter old Skirmish the souldier.

Frai. Why do you take vs to be Iacke at'h Clock-house?

Skir. I say agen to you what's a clocke?

Sim. Truly la, wee goe by the clocke of our conscience, all worldly Clockes we know goe false, and are set by 'drunken Sextons.

Skir. Then what's a clock in your conscience? --- oh, I must breake off, here comes the corporall---hum, hum! --- what's a clock? *Enter* Corporall.

Corp. A clock? why past seuenteene.

Frai. Past seuenteene? nay ha's met with his match now, Corporall *Oth* will fit him.

Skir. Thou doost not bawke or baffle me, doost thou? I am a Souldier — past seuenteene.

Corp. I, thou art not angry with the figures art thou? I will proue it vnto thee, 1 2. and 1. is thirteene I hope, 2. foureteene, 3. fifteene, 4 sixteene, and 5. seauenteene, then past seauenteene, I will take the Dyals part in a iust cause.

Skir. I say 'tis but past fiue then.

Corp. Ile sweare 'tis past seauenteene then: doost thou not know numbers, canst thou not cast?

Skir. Cast? dost thou speake of my casting ith' street? *Draw.*

Corp. I, and in the Market place.

Sim, Clubs, clubs, clubs. Simon *runs in.*

Frail. I, I knew by their shuffling Clubs would be Trumpe; masse here's the Knaue, and hee can doe any good vppon 'em: Clubs, clubs, clubs?

Enter Py-boord.

Cap. O villaine, thou hast opend a vaine in my leg.

Pyb. How now, for shame, for shame, put vp, put vp.

Cap. By yon blew Welkin, 'twas out of my part *George* to bee hurt on the leg. *Enter* Officers.

Pyb. Oh peace now--I haue a Cordiall here to comfort thee.

Offi. Downe with 'em, downe with em, lay hands vpon the (villaine.

Skir. Lay hands on me?

Pyb. Ile not be seene among em now.

Cap. Ime hurt, and had more need haue Surgeons,
Lay hands vpon me then rough Officers.

Offi. Goe carry him to be dresst then:
This mutinous Souldier shall along with me to prison.

Skir.

Skir. To prison, where's *George.*

Offi. Away with hem. *Exeunt with* Skir.

Pyb. So,
All lights as I would wish, the amazd widdow,
Will plant me strongly now in her beleefe,
And wonder at the vertue of my words:
For the euent turnes those presages from em
Of being mad and dumbe, and begets ioy
Mingled with admiration: these emptie creatures,
Souldier and Corporall were but ordaind,
As instruments for me to worke vpon,
Now to my patient, here's his potion. *Exit* Pyboord.

Enter the Widdow with her two Daughters.

Wid. O wondrous happinesse, beyond our thoughts:
O luckie faire euent, I thinke our fortunes,
Were blest een in our Cradles: we are quitted
Of all those shamefull violent presages,
By this rash bleeding chance; goe *Frailtie* run, and know,
Whether he be yet liuing, or yet dead,
That here before my doore receiu'd his hurt.

Frail. Madam, hee was carryed to the superiour, but if he had no money when hee came there, I warrant hee's dead by this time. *Exit* Frailtie.

Franck. Sure that man is a rare fortune-teller, neuer lookt vpon our hands, nor vpon any marke about vs, a wondrous fellow surelie.

Moll. I am glad, I haue the vse of my tongue yet: tho of nothing else, I shall finde the way to marry too, I hope shortly.

Wid. O where's my Brother sir *Godfrey*, I would hee were here, that I might relate to him how prophetically, the cunning Gentleman spoke in all things.

Enter Sir Godfrey *in a rage.*

Sir Godf. O my Chaine, my Chaine, I haue lost my Chaine, where be these Villains, Varlets?

VVid. Oh; has lost his Chaine.

Sir Godf. My Chaine, my chaine.

VWiddow. Brother bee patient, heare mee speake, you know

I told

I told you that a cunning man told me, that you should haue a losse, and he has prophicied so true.

Sir Godf. Out he's a villaine, to prophecy of the losse of my chaine, twas worth aboue three hundred Crownes, --- besides twas my Fathers, my fathers fathers, my Grand-fathers huge grand-fathers? I had as liue ha lost my Neck, as the chaine that hung about it; O my chaine, my chaine.

Wid. Oh brother, who can be against a misfortune, tis happy twas no more.

Sir Godf. No, more! O goodly godly sister, would you had me lost more? my best gowne too, with the cloth of gold-lace? my holiday Gascoines, and my Ierkin set with pearle; no more?

Wid. Oh, Brother! you can reade.---

Sir Godf. But I cannot reade where my chaine is, --- what strangers haue beene here? you let in strangers! Theeues, and Catch-poles; how comes it gonne? there was none aboue with mee but my Taylor; and my Taylor will not ---- steale I hope?

Mol. No he's afrayde of a chaine!

Enter Frayly.

Wid. How now sirrah, the newes?

Fray. O Mistres, he may well be cald a Corporall now, for his corpes are as dead as a cold Capons?

Wid. More happinesse.

Sir Godf. Sirrah, what's this to my chaine? where's my chaine knaue?

Fray. Your chaine sir?

Sir Godf. My chaine is lost villaine.

Fray. I would hee were hang'd in chaines that has it then for me? Alasse sir, I saw none of your chaine, since you were hung with it your selfe?

Sir Godf. Out varlet? it had full three thousand Lincks,
I haue oft told it ouer at my praiers:
Ouer and ouer, full three thousand Lincks.

Frayl. Had it so sir: sure it cannot be lost then; Ile put you in that comfort.

Sir Godf. Why why?

Frayl. Why if your chaine had so many Lincks, it cannot chuse

chuſe but come to light.

Enter Nicholas.

Sir Godf. Deluſion? now long *Nicholas* where's my chaine.

Nich. Why about your Neck, iſt not ſir.

Sir Godf. About my neck Varlet. My chaine is loſt,
Tis ſtole away, I me robd.

Wid. Nay Brother ſhow your ſelfe a man:

Nic. I if it be loſt or ſtole, if he would be patient Miſtres I could bring him to a Cunning Kinſman of mine that would fetcht againe with a Sefarara.

Sir Godf. Canſt thou? I will be patient, ſay where dwells he?

Nic. Marry he dwels now Sir, where he would not dwell and he could chooſe: in the Marſhalſea ſir; but hee's an exlent fellow if he were out, has trauyld all the world ore, he, and beene in the ſeauen and twenty Prouinces: why he would make it be fetcht Sir if twere rid a thouſand mile out of towne.

Sir Godf. An admirable fellow what lies he for.

Nic. Why hee did but rob a Steward of ten groats tother Night, as any man would ha done, and there he lies fort.

Sir Godf. Ile make his peace, a Trifle, Ile get his pardon,
Beſide a bountifull reward, Ile about it,
But fee the Clearkes, the Iuſtice will doe much;
I will about it ſtraight, good ſiſter pardon me,
All will be well I hope, and turne to good,
The name of Coniurer has laid my blood. *Exeunt,*

Enter two ſeriants to arreſt the Scholer
George Pyeboord.

Put. His Hoſteſſes where he lies will truſt him no longer, ſhe has feed me to areſt him; and if you will accompany me, becauſe I know not of what Nature the Scholler is, whether deſperate or ſwift, you ſhall ſhare with me Seriant *Rauen-ſhaw*, I haue the good Angell to arreſt him.

Rauen. Troth Ile take part with thee then, Sariant, not for the ſake of the mony ſo much, as for the hate I beare to a Scholler: why Seriant tis Naturall in vs you know to hate Scholers: naturall beſides, they will publiſh our imperfections, Knaueryes, and Conuayances vpon Scaffolds and Stages.

Put. I and ſpightfully to; troth I haue wounderd how the ſlaues could ſee into our breſts ſo much, when our doublers are buttond with Pewter.

Rauen. I and ſo cloſe without yeelding; oh their parlous fellows, they will ſearch more with their wits then a Cunſtable with all his officers.

Put, Whiſt, whiſt, whiſt, Yeoman *Dogſon,* Yeoman *Dogſon.*

Dog. Ha, what ſaies Sariant?

Put. Is he in the Pothecaryes ſhop ſtil,

Dog. I, I.

Put. Haue an eye, eye.

Rauen. The beſt is Sariant if he be a true Scholler he weares no weapon I thinke.

Put. No, no, he weares no weapon.

Rauen. Maſſe, I am right glad of that: 'tas put me in better heart; nay if I clutch him once, let me alone to drage him if he be ſtiff-necked; I haue beene one of the ſixe my ſelfe, that has dragd as tall men of their hands, when their weapons haue bin gone as euer baſtinadoed a Sariant---I haue done I can tel you.

Dog. Sariant *Puttocke,* Sariant *Puttocke.*

Put. Hoh.

Dog. Hees comming out ſingle.

Put. Peace, peace bee not to greedy, let him play a little let him play a litle, weele ierke him vp of a ſudaine, I ha fiſht in my time.

Rauen. I and caught many a foole Seriant.

Entet Pyeboord.

Pye. I parted now from *Nicholas*: the chaynes coucht,
And the old Knight has ſpent his rage vpont,
The widdowe holds me in great Admiration
For cunning Art: mongſt ioyes I am 'een loſt,
For my deuice can no way now be croſt,
And now I muſt to priſon to the captaine, and there------

Put. I arreſt you ſir.

Pye. Oh---I ſpoke truer then I was a ware, I muſt to priſon indeed.

Put. They ſay your a ſcholler, nay ſir---Yeoman *Dogſon,* haue

care to his armes--youle rayle againe Sariants, and stage'em: you, tickle their vices.

Pye. Nay vse me like a Gentleman, I'me little lesse.

Put. You, a Gentleman? thats a good Iest ifaith; can a Scholler be a Gentleman,---when a Gentleman will not be a Scholler;---looke vpon your welthy Citizencs sonnes, whether they be Scholers or no, that are Gentlemen by their fathers trades: a Scholler a Gentleman.

Pye. Nay let Fortune driue all her stings into me, she cannot hurt that in me, a Gentleman, is *Accidens Inseperabile* to my bloud.

Rauen. A rablement, nay you shall haue a bloudy rablement; vpon you I warrant you.

Put. Goe, Yeoman *Dogson* before, and Enter the Action 'ith Counter.

Pie. Pray do not hand me Cruelly, Ile goe, *Exet* Dogson.
Whether you please to haue me,

Put. Oh hees tame let him loose seriant.

Pie. Pray at whose sute is this?

Put. Why at your Hostisses suite where you lie, Misters *Cunnyburrow* for bed and boord, the somme foure pound fiue shillings and fiue pence.

Pie. I know the somme to true, yet I presumde,
Vpon a farder daie; well tis my starres:
And I must beare it now, tho neuer harder.
I sweare now, my deuice is crost indeed.
Captaine must lie bite: this is Deceytes seed.

Put. Come, come away.

Pye. Pray giue me so much time as to knit my garter, and Ile a way with you.

Put. Well we must be paid for this waiting vpon you, this is no paynes to attend thus. *Making to tie his garter.*

Pye. I am now wretched, and miserable, I shall nere recouer of this disease: hot Yron gnaw their fists: they haue strucke a Feuer into my shoulder, which I shall nere shake out agen I feare me, till with a true *Habeas Corpus* the Sexton remooue me, oh if I take prison once I shall bee prest to death with Actions, but not so happy as speedilie; perhaps I may bee

forty yeare a pressing till I be a thin old man, that looking through the grates, men may looke through me; all my meanes is confounded, what shall I doe? has my wit serued me so long, and now giue me the slippe (like a Trayned seruant) when I haue most need of 'em: no deuice to keepe my poore carcase fro these Puttocks? ---yes, happines, haue I a paper about me now? yes too, Ile trie it, it may hit, *Extremity is Touch-stone vnto wit*, I, I.

Put. Sfoot how many yards are in thy Garters, that thou art so long a tying on them? come away sir.

Pyb. Troth Seriant I protest, you could neuer ha tooke me at a worse time, for now at this instant, I haue no lawfull picture about me.

Put. Slid how shall me come by our fees then.

Rau. We must haue fees Sirra.

Pib. I could ha wisht ifaith, that you had tooke me halfe an hower hence for your owne sake, for I protest if you had not crost me, I was going in great ioy to receiue fiue pound of a Gentleman, for the Deuice of a Maske here, drawne in this paper, but now, come I must be contented, tis but so much lost, and answerable to the rest of my fortunes.

Put. Why how far hence dwells that Gentleman?

Rau. I, well said seriant, tis good to cast about for mony.

Put. Speake, if it be not far---

Pyb. we are but a little past it, the next street behind vs.

Put. Slid we haue waited vpon you grieuously already, if youle say youle be liberall when you hate, giue vs double fees, and spend vpon's, why weele show you that kindnes, and goe along with you to the Gentleman.

Rau. I well said still seriant vrge that.

Pyb. Troth if it will suffice, it shall be all among you, for my part ile not pocket a penny, my hostisse shall haue her foure pound fiue shillings, and bate me the fiue pence, and the other fifteene shillings Ile spend vpon you.

Rauinsh. Why now thou art a good Scholler.

Put. An excellent Scholler Ifaith; has proceeded very well alate; come, weele along with you.

Exeunt with him, passing in they knock at the doore with a Knocker with inside.

Seruing-

Ser. Who knocks, whose at doore? we had need of a Porter.

Pyb. A few friends here?---pray is the Gentleman your maister within.

Ser. Yes, is your businesse to him?

Pyb. I, he knows it, when he see's me:
I pray you haue you forgot mee.

Ser. I by my troth sir, Pray come neere, Ile in and tell him of you, please you to walke here in the Gallery till he comes.

Pyb. Wee will attend his worship,---worship I thinke, for so much the Posts at his doore should signifie, and the faire comming in, and the wicket, else I neither knew him nor his worship, but 'tis happinesse he is within doores, what so ere he bee, if he be not too much a formall Citizen, hee may doe me good: Seriant and Yeoman, how doe you like this house, ist not most wholsomly plotted?

Rauen. Troth prisoner, an exceeding fine house.

Pyb. Yet I wonder how hee should forget me, for hee nere knew mee: No matter, what is forgot in you will bee remembred in your Maister.
A pritty comfortable roome this me thinkes:
You haue no such roomes in prison now?

Put. Oh dog-holes toote,

Pyb. Dog-holes indeed---I can tell you I haue great hope to haue my Chamber here shortly, nay and dyet too, for hee's the most free-hartedst Gentleman where he takes: you would little thinke it? and what a fine Gallery were here for mee to walke and study, and make verses,

Put. O it stands very pleasantly for a Scholler.

Enter Gentleman.

Pyb. Looke what maps, and pictures, and deuices, and things, neatly delicately? masse here he comes, he should be a Gentleman, I like his Beard well; --- All happinesse to your worship.

Gentle. You're kindly welcome sir.

Put. A simple salutation.

Rauen. Masse it seemes the Gentleman makes great account of him.

Pyb. I haue the thing here for you sir.

Pyb. I beseech you conceale me sir, Ime vndone else, — I haue the Maske here for you sir, Looke you sir, — I beseech your worship first to pardon my rudenesse, for my extreames makes mee boulder then I would bee; I am a poore Gentleman and a Scholler, and now most vnfortunately falne into the Pangs of vnmercifull officers, arrested for debt, which tho small, I am not able to compasse, by reason Ime destitute of lands, money, and friends, so that if I fall into the hungrie swallow of the prison, I am like vtterly to perish, and with fees and extortions be pincht cleane to the bone: Now, if euer pitty had interest in the bloud of a Gentleman, I beseech you vouchsafe but to fauour that meanes of my escape, which I haue already thought vpon.

Gent. Goe forward.

Put. I warrant he likes it rarely.

Pyb. In the plundge of my extremities, being giddy; and doubtfull what to doe; at last it was put into my labouring thoughts, to make happy vse of this paper, and to bleare their vnlettered eyes, I told them there was a Deuice for a Maske drawne int', and that (but for their interception,) I was going to a Gentleman to receiue my reward for't: they greedy at this word, and hoping to make purchase of me, offered their attendance, to goe along with mee, my hap was to make bolde with your doore Sir, which my thoughts showde mee the most fairest and comfortablest entrance, and I hope I haue happened right, vpon vnderstanding, and pitty: may it please your good Worship then, but to vphold my Deuice, which is to let one of your men put me out at back-doore, and I shall bee bound to your worship for euer.

Gent. By my troth an excellent deuice.

Puttock. An excellent deuice hee sayes; hee likes it wonderfully.

Gent. A my faith I neuer heard a better.

Rauenshaw. Harke, hee sweares hee neuer heard a better, Serieant.

Put. O there's no talke on't, hees an excellent Scholler, and especially for a Maske,

Gent.

Gent. Giue me your Paper, your Deuice; I was neuer better pleasde in all my life: good witte, braue witte, finely rought, come in sir, and receiue your money sir.

Pyb. Ile follow your good Worship,---
You heard how he likte it now?

Put. Puh, we know hee could not choose but like it: goe thy wayes thou art a witty fine fellow ifaith, thou shalt discourse it to vs at Tauerne anon wilt thou?

Pyb. I, I, that I will,---looke Seriants, here are Maps, and prittie toyes, be dooing in the meane time, I shall quickly haue told out the money, you know.

Put. Goe, goe little villaine, fetch thy chinck, I begin to loue thee, Ile be drunke to night in thy company.

Pyb. This Centlemen I may well call a part
Of my saluation, in these earthly euils,
For hee e has sau'd mee from three hungrie Deuils.

Exit George.

Puttock. Sirrah Seriant, these Mappes are prittie painted things, but I could nere fancie 'em yet, 'mee thinkes they're too busie, and full of Circles and Coniurations, they say all the world's in one of them, but I could nere finde the Counter in the Poultrie.

Rauen. I thinke so: how could you finde it? for you know it stands behind the houses.

Dogson. Masse thats true, then we must looke ath' back-side fort; Sfoote here's nothing, all's bare.

Rauen. I warrant thee that stands for the Counter, for you know theres a company of bare fellowes there.

Put. Faith like enough Seriant? I neuer markt so much before? Sirrah Seriant, and Yeoman, I should loue these Maps out a crye now, if wee could see men peepe out of doore in em, oh wee might haue em in a morning to our Breake-fast so finely, and nere knocke our heeles to the ground a whole day for em.

Rauen. I marry sir, Ide buye one then my selfe.
But this talke is by the way, where shall's sup to night,
Fiue pound receiu'd, let's talke of that,

I haue

I haue a trick worth all, you two shall beare him to'th Tauerne, whilst I goe close with his Hostisse, and worke out of her, I know shee would bee glad of the summe to finger money; because shee knowes tis but a desperat debt, and full of hazard, what will you say if I bring it to passe that the Hostisse shall bee contented with one halfe for all; and wee to share tother; fift-shillings bullies.

Put. Why I would call thee King of *Seriants*, and thou shouldst be Chronicled in the Counter booke for euer.

Ra. Well put it to me, weele make a Night on't yfaith.

Dog. Sfoote I thinke he receiues more money he staies so long.

Put. Hee tarries long indeed, may be I can tell you vpon the good liking ont the Gentleman may proue more bountifull.

Ra That would be rare, weele search him.

Put. Nay be sure of it weele search him! and make him light ynough.

Enter the Gentlemen.

Ra. Oh here comes the Gentleman; by your leaue sir.

Gen. God you god den sirs,--would you speake with me;

Put. No, not with your worship sir, only wee are bould to stay for a friend of ours that went in with your worship.

Gen. Who? not the scholler?

Put. Yes e'en he and it please your worship?

Gen. Did he make you stay for him? hee did you wrong then why, I can assure you hees gon aboue an houre agoe.

Ra. How? sir?

Gent. I payd him his money, and my man told me he went out at back-dore.

Put. Back-dore?

Gen. Why, whats the matter.

Put. He was our prisoner sir, we did arrest him.

Gen. What he was not? you the Sheriffes Officers---you were to blame then,
Why did you not make knovvne to me as much:
I could haue kept him for you, I protest
He receiude all of me in *Brittaine* Gold
Of the last coyning;

Ra. Vengeance dog him with't.

Put.

Pvt. Sfoote has he guld vs ſo.

Dog Where ſhall wee ſup now Sericants?

Pvt. Sup *Simon* now, eate Porridge for a month;
Well, wee cannot impute it to any lacke of good-will in your Worſhip,---you did but as another would haue done, twas our hard fortunes to miſſe the purchaſe, but if ere wee clutch him againe, the Counter ſhall charme him.

Rauen. The hole ſhall rotte him.

Dog. Amen. *Exeunt.*

Gent. So,
Vex out your Lungs without doores, I am proud,
It was my hap to helpe him, it fell fit,
He went not emptie neither for his wit:
Alaſſe poore wretch, I could not blame his braine,
To labour his deliuerie, to be free,
From their vnpittying fangs---Ime glad it ſtood,
Within my power to doe a Scholler good. *Exit.*

Enter in the Priſon, meeting George *and Captaine,*
George *comming in muffled.*

Cap. How now, whoſe that? what are you?

Pyb The ſame that I ſhould be Captaine.

Capt. George Pye-boord, honeſt *George*? why camſt thou in halfe fac'd, muffled ſo?

Pyb. Oh Captaine, I thought we ſhould nere ha laught agen, neuer ſpent frolick houre agen.

Capt. Why? why?

Pyb I comming to prepare thee, and with newes
As happy as thy quick deliuerie,
Was trac'd out by the ſent, arreſted Captaine.

Capt. Arreſted *George.*

Pyb. Arreſted, geſſe, geſſe, how many Dogges doe you thinke Ide vpon me?

Capt Dogs, I ſay? I know not.

Pyb Almoſt as many as *George Stone* the Beare,
Three at once, three at once.

Capt. How didſt thou ſhake 'em of then?

Pyb. The time is busie, and calls vpon our witts, let it suffice
Here I stand safe, and scapt by miracle,
Some other houre shall tell thee? when weele steepe
Our eyes in laughter: Captaine my deuice
Leanes to thy happinesse, for ere the day
Be spent toth' Girdle, thou shalt be set free,
The Corporal's in his first sleepe, the Chaine is mist,
Thy Kinsman has expresst thee, and the old Knight
With Palsey-hams now labours thy release,
What rests, is all in thee, to Coniure Captaine.

Capt. Coniure: sfoote *George* you know the deuill a coniuring I can coniure.

Pib. The Deuill of coniuring, nay by my fay, Ide not haue thee do so much Captaine as the Deuill a coniuring: looke here, I ha brought thee a circle ready characterd and all.

Capt. Sfoote *George*, art in thy right wittes, doost know what thou saist? why doost talke to a Captaine, a coniuring, didst thou euer heare of a Captaine coniure in thy life, doost cal't a Circle, tis too wide a thing my thinkes: had it beene a lesser Circle, then I knew what to haue done.

Pib. Why euery foole knowes that Captaine: nay then Ile not cogge with you Captaine, if youle stay and hang the next Sessions you may.

Capt. No by my faith *George*, come, come, lets to coniuring, lets to coniuring.

Pib. But if you looke to be releasd, as my wittes haue tooke paine to worke it, and all meanes wrought to farther it, besides to put crownes in your purse, to make you a man of better hopes, and whereas before you were a Captaine or poore Souldier, to make you now a Commander of rich fooles, (which is truly the onely best purchase peace can allow you) safer then Hig-wayes, Heath, or Cunny-groues, and yet a farre better bootie; for your greatest theeues are neuer hangd, neuer hangd, for why they're wise, and cheate within doores, and wee geld fooles of more money in one night, then your false tailde Gelding will purchase in a twelue-moneths running, which confirmes the olde Beldams saying, hee's wisest, that keepes himselfe warmest, that is, hee that robs by a good fire.

Cap.

Capt. Well opened yfaith *George*, thou haſt puld that ſaying out of the huske.

Pib. Captaine *Idle*, tis no time now to delude or delay, the old Knight will be here ſuddenly, Ile perfect you, direct you, till you the trick on't: tis nothing.

Capt. Sfoote *George*, I know not what to ſay toot, coniure? I ſhall be hangd ere I coniure.

Pyb. Nay tell not me of that Captaine, youle nere coniure after your hangd, I warrant you looke you ſir, a parlous matter? ſure, firſt to ſpred your circle vpon the ground, then with a little coniuring ceremonie, as Ile haue an Hackney-mans wand ſiluerd ore a purpoſe for you, then arriuing in the circle, with a huge word, and a great trample, as for inſtance: haue you neuer ſeene a ſtalking-ſtamping Player, that will raiſe a tempeſt with his toung, and thunder with his heeles?

Cap. O yes, yes, yes: often, often.

Pyb. Why be like ſuch a one, for any thing will bleare the old Knights eyes, for you muſt note that heele nere dare to venture into the roome, onely perhaps peepe fearefully through the Key hole, to ſee how the Play goes forward.

Capt. Well I may goe about it when I will, but marke the end ont, I ſhall but ſhame my ſelfe ifaith *George*, ſpeake big words, and ſtampe and ſtare, and he looke in at Key-hole, why the very thought of that would make me laugh out-right, and ſpoile all, nay Ile tell thee *George*, when I apprehend a thing once, I am of ſuch a laxatiue laughter, that if the Deuill him-ſelfe ſtood by, I ſhould laugh in his face.

Pyb. Puh, thats but the babe of a man, and may eaſily bee huſht, as to thinke vpon ſome diſaſter, ſome ſad misfortune, as the death of thy Father ithe Country!

Cap. Sfoote that would be the more to driue me into ſuch an extaſie, that I ſhould nere lin laughing.

Pib. Why then thinke vpon going to hanging elſe.

Cap. Maſſe that's well remembred, now ile do well I warrant thee, nere feare me now: but how ſhall I do *George* for boyſterous words, and horrible names.

Pyb. Puh, any fuſtian inuocations Captaine will ſerue as well as the beſt, ſo you rant them out well, or you may goe to a Pothecaries ſhop, and take all the words from the Boxes.

Cap. Troth and you say true *George*, there's strange words enow to raise a hundred Quack-saluers; tho they be nere so poore when they begin? but here lyes the feare on't, how in this false coniuration, a true Deuill should pop vp indeed.

Pyb. A true Deuill, Captaine, why there was nere such a one, nay faith hee that has this place, is as false a Knaue as our last Church-warden.

Capt. Then hees false inough a conscience ifaith *George*.

The Crie at Marshalsea.

Crie prisoners. Good Gentlemen ouer the way, send your reliefe,
Good Gentlemen ouer the way,---Good sir *Godfrey*?

Pyb. Hees come, hees come.

Nich. Maister, thats my Kinsman yonder in the Buff-Ierkin---Kinsman, thats my Maister yonder ith' Taffetie Hatt ---pray salute him intirely? *They salute: and* Py-boord *salutes Sir God.* Now my friend. *Maister* Edmond.

Pib. May I pertake your name sir.

Edm. My name is Maister *Edmund*.

Pyb. Maister *Edmond*,---are you not a Welchman sir?

Edm. A Welshman, why?

Pyb. Because Maister is your Christen name, and *Edmond* your sir name?

Edm. O no; I haue more names at home, Maister *Edmund Plus*, is my full name at length.

Pyb. O crie you mercy sir? *Whispering.*

Cap. I vnderstand that you are my Kinsmans good Maister, and in regard of that, the best of my skill is at your seruice: but had you fortunde a meere stranger, and made no meanes to me by acquaintance, I should haue vtterly denyed to haue beene the man; both by reason of the Act past in Parliament against Coniurers and Witches, as also, because I would not haue my Arte vulgar, trite, and common.

Sir Godf. I much commend your care therein good Captaine Coniurer, and that I will be sure to haue it priuate enough, you shall doote in my Sisters house,---mine owne house I may call it, for both our charges therein are proportiond.

Capt.

Capt. Very good sir---what may I call your losse sir?

Sir Godf. O you may call't a great losse sir, a grieuous losse sir, as goodly a Chaine of gold, tho I say it, that wore it: how saiest thou *Nicholas*?

Nich. O 'twas as delicious a Chaine a Gold, Kinsman you know,---

Sir God. You know? did you know't Captaine?

Capt. I trust a foole with secrets?---- Sir hee may say I know: his meaning is, because my Arte is such, that by it I may gather a knowledge of all things.----

Sir Godf. I very true.

Capt. A pax of all fooles---- the excuse stucke vpon my toung like Ship-pitch vpon a Mariners gowne, not to come off in haste---- ber-lady Knight to loose such a faire Chaine a gold, were a foule losse; Well, I can put you in this good comfort on't, if it bee betweene Heauen and Earth Knight, Ile ha't for you?

Sir God. A wonderfull Coniurer,---- O I, tis betweene heauen and earth I warrant you, it cannot goe out of the realme,--- I know tis some-where aboue the earth?

Capt. I nigher the earth then thou wotst on.

Sir Godf. For first my Chaine was rich, and no rich thing shall enter into heauen you know?

Nich. And as for the Deuill Maister, he has no need on't, for you know he ha's a great chaine of his owne;

Sir Godf. Thou saiest true *Nicholas*, but hee has put off that now, that lyes by him.

Capt. Faith Knight in few wordes, I presume so much vpon the power of my Art; that I could warrant your Chaine againe.

Sir Godf. O daintie Captaine?

Capt. Marry it will cost me much sweate, I were better goe to sixteene whot-houses.

Sir Godf. I good man, I warrant thee.

Capt. Beside great vexation of Kidney and Liuer.

Nich. O twill tickle you here-abouts Coozen, because you haue not beene vsde toot.

Sir Godf. No, haue you not beene vsd too't Captaine?

Capt. Plague of all fooles still;---indeed Knight I haue not

vſde it a good while, and therefore twill ſtraine me ſo much the more you know.

Sir Godf. Oh it will, it will.

Cap. What plunges hee puts me to, were not this Knight a foole, I had beene twice ſpoyld now; that Captaynes worſe then accurſt that has an aſſe to his Kinſman---Sfoote I feare hee will driuell't out before I come toote.----Now ſir---- to come to the poynt in deede---you ſee I ſticke here in the iawe of the Marſhalſea, and cannot doo't.

Sir Godf. Tut tut I now thy meaning, thou wouldſt ſay thou'rt a priſoner, I tell thee thou'rt none.

Cap. How none? why is not this the Marſhialſea?

Sir Godf. woult heare me ſpeake, I hard of thy rare cuniuring My chayne was loſt, I ſweate for thy releaſe, As thou ſhalt doe the like at home for me,

Keeper. *Enter Keeper.*

Keep. Sir.

Sir Godf. Speake is not this man free?

Keep. Yes at his pleaſure ſir, the fee's diſchargd;

Sir Godf. Goe, goe, Ile diſcharge them I.

Keep. I thanke your worſhip! *Exet Keeper.*

Cap. Now truſt me yar a deere Knight: kindnes vnexpected, oh theirs nothing to a free Gentle man.---I will cuniure for you ſir till Froath come through my Buffe-ierkin?

Sir Godf. Nay then thou ſhalt not paſſe with ſo little a bounty, for at the firſt ſight of my chaine agen,---Forty fine Angells ſhall appeare vnto thee.

Cap. Twil be a glorious ſhowe, ifaith Knight a very fine ſhow, but are all theſe of your owne houſe? are you ſure of that ſir?

Sir Godf. I, I, no, no, whats he younder? talking with my wild Nephew, pray heauen, he giue him good counſeil;

Cap. Who he hee's a rare friend of mine, an admirable fellow Knight, the fineſt fortune-teller.

Sir Godf. Oh tis he indeed that came to my Lady ſiſter, & foretold the loſſe of my chaine, I am not angry with him now, for I ſee twas my fortune to looſe it; by your leaue M. Fortune-teller, I had a glimps on you at home at my Siſters the Widdowes, there you prouiſied of the loſſe of a chaine,---ſimply tho I ſtand

here

here I was he that lost it.

Pie. Was it you sir?

Edm. A my troth Nunckle, hee's the rarest fellow, has told me my fortune so right; I find it so right to my nature.

Sir Godf. What ist? God send it a good one?

Edm. O tis a passing good one, Nuncle: for he sayes I shall proue such an excelent gamster in my time, that I shall spend al faster then my father got it,

Sir Godf. There's a fortune in deed,

Edm. Nay it hits my humour so pat,

Sir Godf. I that will be the end ont, will the Curse of the beggar preuaile so much, that the sonne shall consume that foolishlie, which the father got, craftilie, I, I, I, twill, twill, twill.

Pie. Stay, stay, stay. Pyeboord *with an Almanack*

Cap. turne ouer *George.* *and the Captaine.*

Pie. *Iune Iulie*, here *Iulie* thats this month, Sunday thirteene, yester day forteene, to day fifteene.

Cap. Looke quickly for the fifteene day, --if within the compasse of these two dayes there would be some Boystrous storme or other, it would be the best, Ide defer him off till then, some tempest and it be thy will?

Pie Heres the fifteene day---hot and fayre.

Cap. Puh, would t'ad beene hot and foule.

Pie. The sixteene day, thats to morrow, the morning for the most part faire and pleasant.

Cap. No iucke.

Pie But about hye-none--lighning and thunder.

Cap. Lighning and thunder, admirable, best of all, Ile coniure to morrow iust at hie none *George.*

Pye. Happen but true to morrow Almanack, and ile giue thee leaue to lie all the yeare after.

Cap. sir I must craue your patience, to bestowe this day vpon me, that I may furnish my selfe strongly, ---I sent a spirit into Lanckishire tother day, to fetch backe a knaue Drouer, and I looke for his returne this euening----to morrow morning my friend here and I will come and breake-fast with you.

Sir Godf. Oh you shall be both most welcome.

Cap. And about Noone without fayle, I purpose to coniure.

Sir Godf.

Sir Godf. Mid noone will be a fine time for you.

Edm. Coniuring, do you meane to coniure at our house to morrow sir?

Cap. Marry do I sir? tis my intent yong Gentleman,

Edm. By my troth, Ile loue you while I liue fort, o rare, *Nicholas* we shall haue coniuring to morrowe,

Nic. Puh I, I could ha tould you of that.

Cap. Law hee could ha told him of that, foole, cockscombe could yee.

Edm Do you heare me sir, I desire more acquaintance on you, you shall earne some money of me, now I knowe you can coniure, but can you fetch any that is lost?

Capt. Oh any thing thats lost.

Edm. Why looke you sir, I tel't you as a frend and a Coniurer, I should marry a Poticaries daughter, and twas told me she lost her maidenhead at Stonie-stratford; now if youle do but so much as coniure fort, and make allwhole agen.---

Cap That I will sir.

Edm. By my troth I thanke you la,

Cap. A litle merry with your sisters sonne sir.

Sir Godf. Oh a simple yong man, very simple, come Captaine, and you sir, weele een part with a gallon of wine till to morrow breake-fast.

Tip. Cap. Troth agreed sir.

Nic. Kinsman---Scholler?

Pye. Why now thou art a good Knaue, worth a hundred Brownists.

Nic. Am I indeed la: I thanke you truely la. *Exeunt.*

Actus. 4.

Enter Moll, *and Sir* Iohn Penny-dub.

Penne. But I hope you will not serue a Knight so: Gentlewoman will you: to cashere him, and cast him off at your pleasure; what do you thinke I was dubd for nothing, no by my faith Ladies daughter.

Moll. Pray Sir *Iohn Pennydub*, let it be deferd awhile, I haue as bigge a heart to marry as you can haue; but as the Fortune-teler told me.

Penny. Pax a'th Fortune-teller, would *Derecke* had beene his

his fortune ſeauen yeare agoe, to croſſe my loue thus: did hee know what caſe I was in, why this is able to make a man drowne himſelfe in's Fathers fiſh-pond.

Moll. And then hee told mee more-ouer Sir *Iohn*, that the breach of it, kept my Father in Purgatorie.

Penny. In Purgatorie? why let him purge out his heart there, what haue we to do with that? there's Phiſitions enow there to caſt his water, is that any matter to vs: how can hee hinder our loue, why let him bee hangd now hee's dead? --- Well, haue I rid poſte day and night, to bring you merry newes of my fathers death, and now ———

Moll. Thy Fathers death? is the old Farmer dead?

Penny. As dead as his Barne doore *Moll*.

Moll. And you'le keepe your word with mee now, Sir *Iohn*, that I ſhall haue my Coach and my Coach-man?

Penny. I faith.

Moll. And two white Horſes with black Fethers to draw it?

Penny. Too,

Moll. A guarded Lackey to run befor't, and pyed liueries to come traſhing after't.

Penny. Thou ſhalt *Moll*.

Moll. And to let me haue money in my purſe to go whether

Penny. All this. (I will.

Moll. Then come, what ſo ere comes on't, weele bee made ſure together before the Maides a'the Kitchin. *Exeunt.*

Enter Widdow, with her eldeſt Daughter
Franck *and* Frailtie.

Wid. How now? where's my Brother Sir *Godfrey*? went hee forth this morning?

Frail. O no Madame, hee's aboue at breake-faſt, with ſir reuerence a Coniurer.

Wid. A Coniurer? what manner a fellow is he?

Frail. Oh, a wondrous rare fellow Miſtris, very ſtrongly made vpward, for he goes in a Buff-ierkin: he ſayes hee will fetch Sir *Godfreys* Chaine agen, if it hang betweene heauen and earth.

Wid. What he will not? then hee's an exlent fellow I warrant. how happy were that woman to be bleſt with ſuch a Husband, a man a cunning? how do's hee looke *Frailtie*: very ſwartlie I

warrant, with black beard, ſcorcht cheekes, and ſmokie eye-browes.

Frail. Fooh---hee's neither ſmoake-dryed, nor ſcorcht, nor black, nor nothing, I tell you Madame, hee lookes as faire to ſee to, as one of vs; I do not thinke but if you ſaw him once, youde take him to be a Chriſtian.

Frank. So faire, and yet ſo cunning, that's to bee wonderd at Mother.

Enter Sir Oliuer Muck-hill, *and Sir* Andrew Tip-ſtaffe.

Muck. Bleſſe you ſweete Lady.

Tip. And you faire Miſtriſſe. *Exit* Frailtie.

Wid. Coades? what doe you meane Gentlemen? fie, did I not giue you your anſweres?

Muck. Sweete Lady?

Wid. Well. I will not ſtick with you now for a kiſſe, Daughter kiſſe the Gentleman for once.

Frank. Yes forſooth. *Tip.* Ime proud of ſuch a fauour.

Wid. Truly la, ſir *Oliuer*, y'are much to blame to come agen, when you know my minde, ſo well deliuerd --- as a Widdow could deliuer a thing.

Muck. But I expect a farther comfort Lady.

Wid. Why la you now, did I not deſire you to put off your ſute quite & cleane, when you came to me againe, how ſay you, did I not.

Muc. But the ſincere loue which my heart beares you.

Wid. Go to, ile cut you off, & Sir *Oliuer* to put you in comfort a farre off, my fortune is read me, I muſt marry againe.

Muck. O bleſt fortune!

Wid. But not as long as I can chooſe;--- nay Ile hold out, well.

Muc. Yet are my hopes now fairer. *Enter* Frailtie.

Frail O Madam, Madam.

Wid. How now, what's the haſt? *In her eare.*

Tipſt. Faith Miſtriſſe *Francis* Ile maintaine you gallantly, Ile bring you to Court, weane you among the faire ſociety of ladies poore Kinſwomẽ of mine in cloth of ſiluer, beſide you ſhal haue your Monckie, your Parrat, your Muskat, & your piſſe, piſſe, piſſe.

Frank. It will do very well.

Wid. What dos he meane to coniure here thẽ? how ſhal I do to

bee

bee rid of theſe Knights, --pleaſe you Gentlemen to walke a while ith Garden, go gather a pinck, or a lilly-flower.

Both. With all our hearts Lady, and count vs fauourd? *Exit.*

Si. Go. Step in *Nicholas*, looke, is the coaſt cleare. *within* *Sir Go.*

Nic. Oh, as cleare as a Cattes eye, ſir.

Sir Go. Then enter Captaine Coniurer?---now--how like you your Roome ſir? *Enter Sir* Godf. Capt. Pyb. Edm. Nick.

Cap. O wonderfull conuenient.

Edm. I can tell you Captaine, ſimplie tho it lies here, tis the fayreſt Roome in my Mothers houſe, as dainty a Roome to Coniure in, mee thinkes, --- why you may bidde, I cannot tell how many diuills welcome in't; my Father has had twentie here at once!

Pie. What diuills?

Edm. Diuills, no Deputies, & the welthieſt men he could get.

Sir God. Nay put by your chattes now, fall to your buſineſſe roundly, the feskewe of the Diall is vpon the Chriſſe-croſſe of Noone, but oh: heare mee Captaine, a qualme comes ore my ſtomack?

Cap. Why, what's the matter ſir?

Sir Godf. Oh, how if the diuill ſhould proue a knaue, and teare the hangings.

Cap. Fuh, I warrant you Sir Godfrey:

Edm. I, Nuncle, or ſpit fire vpp'oth ſeeling!

Sir Godf Very true too, for tis but thin playſterd, and twill quickly take hold a the laths, and if hee chance to ſpit downeward-too, he will burne all the boords.

Cap. My life for yours Sir Godfrey?

Sir Godf. My Siſter is very curious & dainty ore this Roome I can tell and therefore if he muſt needes ſpit, I pray deſire him to ſpit ith Chimney.

Pie. Why aſſure you Sir Godfrey, he ſhall not be brought vp, with ſo little manners to ſpit and ſpaule a'th flower.

Sir Godf. Why I thanke you good Captaine, pray haue a care I, fall to your Circle, weele not trouble you I warrant you, come, weele in to the next Roome, & becauſe weele be ſure to keepe him out there, weele bar vp the dore with ſome of the Godlies zealous workes.

Edm. That will bee a fine deuice Nuncle, and becauſe the ground ſhall be as holy as the doore, Ile teare two or three roſaries in peices, and ſtrew the leaues about the Chamber? oh, the deuill already,---runs in---- *Thunders.*

Py. Sfoote Captaine ſpeake ſomwhat for ſhame; it lightens & thunders before thou wilt begin, why when?

Cap. Pray peace *George*,---thou'lt make mee laugh anon; and ſpoile all.

Pie. Oh now it begins agen, now, now? now? Captaine?

Cap. *Rumbos--ragdayon, pur, pur, colecundrion, Hois--Plois.*

Sir Godf. Oh admirable Coniurer? has fetcht Thunder already: *Sir Godfrey through the keyhole? within.*

Pie. Harke harke agen Captaine?

Cap. *Beniamino,--gaſpois--kay--goſgothoteron--vmbrois.*

Sir Godf. Oh, I would the deuill would come away quickly, he has no conſcience to put a man to ſuch paine?

Pie. Agen!

Cap. *Flowſte -- Kakopumpos -- dragone -- Leloomenos--hodge--podge.*

Pie. Well ſayd Captaine.

Sir Godf. So long a comming? oh would I had nere begun't now, for I feare mee theſe roaring tempeſts, will deſtroy all the fruites of the earth, and tread vpon my corne--oh, ith Country.

Cap. *Gog de gog, hobgoblin, huncks, hounſlow, hockley te coome parke.*

Wid. O brother, brother, what a tempeſts ith, Garden, ſure there's ſome coniuration abroad.

Sir Godf. Tis at home ſiſter!

Pie. By and by, Ile ſtep in? Captaine?

Cap. *Nunck--Nunck--Rip--Gaſcoynes, Ipis, Drip--Dropite.*

Sir God. Hee drippes and droppes poore man? alaſſe, alaſſe.

Pie. Now I come?

Cap. *O Sulphure Sooteface---*

Pie Arch-coniurer, what wouldſt thou with me?

Sir Godf. O the diuill ſiſter, ith dyning Chamber, ſing Siſter, I warrant you that will keepe him out, quickly, quickly, quickly. *goes in.*

Pie. So, ſo, ſo, Ile releaſe thee, ynough Captaine, ynough, allow

allowe vs some time to laughe a little, they're shuddering and shaking by this time, as if an Earth-quake were in their kidneyes.

Cap. Sirrah *George*, how wast, how wast, did I doo't well ynough.

Pie. woult beleeue mee Captaine, better then any Coniurer, for here was no harme in this, and yet their horrible expectation satisfied well, you were much beholding to thunder & lightning at this time it gracst you well I can tell you?

Cap. I must needes say so *George*? sirrah if wee could ha conuoide hether cleanly a cracker or a fire-wheele t'ad beene admirable.

Pie. Blurt, blurt theirs nothing remaines to put thee to paine now Captaine.

Cap. Paine? I protest *George* my heeles are sorer, then a Whitson Morris-dancer.

Pie. All's past now, ---onely to reueale that the chaines ith Garden where thou knowst it has laine these two daies.

Cap. But I feare that fox *Nicholas* has reueald it already?

Pie. Feare not Captaine, you must put it to'th venture now! Nay tis time, call vpon e'm, take pitty on e'm, for I beleeue some off 'em are in a pittifull case by this time.

Cap. Sir *Godfrey*? *Nicholas*, Kinsman--Sfoot they'r fast at it still *George*, Sir *Godfrey*?

Sir Godf. Oh, is that the diuils voyce? how comes he to know my name.

Cap. Feare not Sir *Godfrey* all's quieted.

Sir Godf. What is he layd?

Cap. Layde; and has newly dropt,
Your chaine ith Garden.

Sir Godf. Ith Garden! in our Garden?

Cap. Your Garden?

Sir Godf. O sweete Coniurer? where abouts there?

Cap. Looke-well about a banck of Rosemary.

Sir Godf. Sifter the Rosemary banck, come, come, ther's my chaine he saies.

Wid. Oh happinesse, run, run, *supposed to goe.*

Edm. Captaine Coniurer? *Edm. at keyhoole.*

Cap. Who? Maister *Edmond.*

Edm. I Maister *Edmond* may I come in safely, without danger thinke you.

Cap. Fuh, long agoe, tis all, as twas at first. Feare nothing, pray come neere---how now? man.

Edm. Oh this Roomes mightily hot ifaith, slid my shirt sticks to my Belly already, what a steame the Rogue has left behind him? foh this roome must be ayrd Gentlemen it smells horribly of Brimstoone---lets open the windowes.

Pye Faith maister *Edmond* tis but your conceite,

Edm. I would you could make me beleeue that ifaith why do you thinke I cannot smell his sauour, from another: yet I take it kindly from you, because you would not put me in a feare ifaith, a my troth I shal loue you for this the lõgest day of my life.

Cap. Puh, tis nothing sir, loue me when you see more.

Edm. Masse now I remember Ile looke whether he has singed the hangings or no.

Pye. Captaine, to entertaine a litle sport till they come; make him beleeue, youle charme him inuisible, hes apt to admire any thing you see let me alone to giue force too't.

Cap. goe, retire, to yonder end then.

Edm. I protest you are a rare fellowe, are you not.

Cap. O maister *Edmond*, you know but the least part of me yet, why now at this instant I could but florish my wand thrice ore your head, and charme you inuisible.

Edm. What you could not? make me walke inuisible man; I should laugh at that ifaith, troth ile requite your kindnes and youle doo't, good Captaine coniurer.

Cap. Nay I should hardly deny you such a small kindnesse Master *Edmond Plus*, why looke you sir tis no more but this, and thus and agen, and now yar inuisible!

Edm. Am I ifaith, who would thinke it.

Cap. You see the fortune-teller yonder at farder end ath chamber goe toward him, do what you will with him he shall nere finde you.

Edm. Say you so, ile trie that ifaith,------ *Iustles him.*

Pie. How now? Captaine, whose that iustled me?

Cap. Iustled you? I saw no body.

Edm.

Edm. Ha,ha,ha,------say twas a spirit,
Cap. Shall I?--- may be some spirit that haunts the circle.
Pye. O my nose agen, pray coniure then Captaine.
Puls him by the Nose.

Edm. Troth this is exlent, I may do any knauery now and neuer be seene, - and now I remember mee, Sir *Godfrey* my Vncle abusde me tother day, & told tales of me to my Mother-- Troth now Ime inuisible, ile hit him a sound wherrit ath' eare, when he comes out ath' garden,--I may be reuengd on him now finely.

Enter Sir Godfrey, Widdow, Franck, Nicholas *with the Chaine.*

Sir God. I haue my Chaine againe, my Chaine's found againe, O sweete Captaine, O admirable Coniurer. Edm. *strikes him.* Oh what meane you by that Nephew?
Edm. Nephew? I hope you do not know mee Vncle?
Wid. Why did you strike your Vncle sir?
Edm. Why Captaine am I not inuisible?
Capt. A good iest *George*,---not now you are not Sir, Why did you not see me when I did vncharme you?
Edm. Not I by my troth Captaine:
Then pray you pardon mee Vncle,
I thought Ide beene inuisible when I struck you.
Sir Godf. So, you would doo't? go,--y'are a foolish Boy,
And were I not ore-come with greater ioy,
Ide make you taste correction.
Edm. Correction, push---no, neither you nor my Mother shall thinke to whip me as you haue done.
Sir Godf. Captaine my ioy is such, I know not how to thanke you, let me embrace you, hug you, O my sweete Chaine, Gladnesse 'cen makes mee giddy, rare man: twas as iust ith' Rosemarie banck, as if one should ha laide it there--- oh cunning, cunning!
Wid. Well, seeing my fortune tels mee I must marry; let me marry a man of witte, a man of parts, here's a worthy Captaine, and 'tis a fine Title truely la to bee a Captaines Wife, a Captaines Wife, it goes very finely, beside all the world knows that a worthy Captaine, is a fitte Companion to any Lord, then

then why not a sweete bed-fellow for any Lady,---Ile haue it so———

Enter Frailtie.

Frail. O Mistris, Gentlemen, there's the braueſt ſight comming along this way.

Wid. What braue ſight?

Frai. Oh, one going to burying, & another going to hanging.

Wid. A ruefull ſight.

Pyb. Sfoot Captaine, Ile pawne my life the Corporals coffind, and old *Skirmiſh* the ſouldier going to execution, & 'tis now full about the time of his walking; hold out a little longer ſleepie potion, and we ſhall haue exlent admiration; for Ile take vpon me the cure of him.

Enter the Coffin of the Corporall, the ſouldier bound, and lead by Officers, the Sheriffe there.

Frail. Oh here they come, here they come!

Pyb. Now muſt I cloſe ſecretly with the Souldier, preuent his impatience, or elſe all's diſcouered?

Wid. O lamentable ſeeing, theſe were thoſe Brothers, that fought and bled before our doore.

Sir Godf. What they were not Siſter?

Skim. George, looke toote, Ile peach at Tyburne elſe.

Pyb. Mum,---Gentles all, vouchſafe mee audience, and you eſpecially Maiſter Shiriffe:

Yon man is bound to execution,
Becauſe he wounded this that now lyes coffind?

Shir. True, true, he ſhall haue the law,--and I know the law?

Pyb. But vnder fauour Maiſter Sheriffe, if this man had beene cured and ſafe agen, he ſhould haue beene releaſde then?

Shir. Why make you queſtion of that Sir?

Pyb. Then I releaſe him freely, and will take vpon mee the death that he ſhould dye, if within a little ſeaſon, I do not cure him to his proper health agen.

Shir. How Sir? recouer a dead man?
That were moſt ſtrange of all. Franke *comes to him.*

Frank. Sweete Sir, I loue you deerely, and could wiſh my beſt part yours,—oh do not vndertake ſuch an impoſſible venture.

Pyb. Loue you me; then for your ſweet ſake Ile doo't:

Let

Let me entreate the corps to be set downe.

Shir. Bearers set downe the Coffin, --- this were wonderfull, and worthy *Stoes* Chronicle.

Pyb. I pray bestow the freedome of the ayre, vpon our wholsome Arte, --- masse, his cheekes begin to receiue naturall warmth: nay good Corporall wake betime, or I shall haue a longer sleepe then you,--Sfoote if he should proue dead indeed now, he were fully reuengd vpon me for making a property on him, yet I had rather run vpon the Ropes, then haue the Rope like a Tetter run vpon mee, oh---he stirs--hee stirs agen--- looke Gentlemen, he recouers, he starts, he rises.

Shir. Oh, oh, defend vs--- out alasse.

Pyb. Nay pray be still; youle make him more giddy else,--he knowes no body yet.

Corp. Zounes: who am I? couerd with Snow? I maruaile?

Pyb. Nay I knew hee would sweare the fust thing hee did, as soone as euer he came to his life agen.

Corp. Sfoote Hostesse --- some hotte Porridge, ----- oh, oh, lay on a dozen of Fagots in the Moone parler, there.

Pyb. Lady, you must needs take a little pitty of him yfaith, and send him in to your Kitchin fire.

Wid. Oh, with all my heart sir, *Nicholas* and *Frailtie*, he'pe to beare him in.

Nich. Beare him in, qua tha, pray call out the Maides, I shall nere haue the heart to doo't indeed la.

Frai. Nor I neither, I cannot abide to handle a Ghost of all mē,

Cor. Sbloud, let me see, where was I drunke last night, hch--

Wid. Oh, shall I bid you once agen take him away.

Frai. Why, we're as fearefull as you I warrant you--oh--

Wid. Away villaines, bid the Maides make him a Cawdle presently to settle his braine,--or a Posset of Sack, quickly, quickly,

Exeunt, pushing in the corpes.

Skir. Sir, what so ere you are, I do more then admire you.

Wid. O I, if you knew all Maister Shiriffe, as you shall doe, you would say then, that here were two of the rarest men within the walls of Christendome.

Shir. Two of 'em, O wonderfull: Officers I discharge you, set him free, all's in tune.

Sir Godf. I and a banquet ready by this time Maister Sheriffe, to which I most cheerefully enuite you, and your late prisoner there: see you this goodly chaine sir, mun, no more words, twas lost, and is found againe; come my inestimable bullies, weele talke of your noble Acts in sparkling Charnico, and in stead of a Iester, weele ha the ghost ith white sheete sit at vpper end a'th Table.

Sheriff. Exlent merry man yfaith. *Exit.*

Franck. Well, seeing I am enioynd to loue and marry,
My foolish vow thus I cashcere to Ayre
Which first begot it,---now loue play thy part;
The scholler reades his lecture in my heart.

Actus 5. *Scen.* 1.

Enter in hast Maister Edmund *and* Frayltie.

Ed. This is the marriage morning for my mother & my sister.

Frail. O me Maister *Edmund* we shall ha rare doings.

Ed. Nay go *Frayltie* runne to the Sexton, you know my mother wilbe married at Saint Antlings, hie thee, tis past fiue, bid them open the Church dore, my sister is almost ready.

Fra. What al ready Maister *Edmond.*

Ed. Nay go hie thee first run to the Sexton, and runne to the Clarke and then run to Maister *Pigman* the Parson, and then run to the Millanor, and then run home agen,

Frail. Heer's run, run, run----

Ed. But harke *Frailty*:

Fra. What more yet?

Edm. Has the maides remembred to strew the way to the Church.

Frail. Fagh an houre ago I help 'em my selfe.

Ed. Away, away, away, away then.

Frail. Away, away, away then *Exit* Frailty:

Edm. I shall haue a simple Father inlawe, a braue Captaine able to beate all our streete: Captaine *Idle*, now my Ladie Mother wilbe fitted for a delicate name, my Ladie *Idle*, my Ladie *Idle*, the finest name that can be for a woman, and then the Scholler Maister *Pie-boord* for my sister *Francis*, that wilbe

Mistris

Mistris *Francis Pie-boord*, Mistris *Francis Pie-boord*, theill keepe a good table I warrant you, Now all the knights noses are put out of ioynt, they may go to a bone setters now.

Enter Captaine and Pie-boord.

Harke, harke oh who comes here with two Torches before 'em, my sweete Captaine, and my fine Scholler, oh, how brauely they are shot vp in one night, they looke like fine Brittaines now me thinkes, heres a gallant chaunge ifaith slid they haue hir'd men and all by the clock.

Cap. Maister *Edmund*, kinde, honest, dainty Maister *Edmond*.

Edm. Fogh, sweete Captaine Father inlaw a rare perfume ifayth.

Pie. What are the Brides stirring? may wee stcall vpon 'em thinkst thou Maister *Edmond*.

Edm. Faw, there e'en vpon reddines I can assure you? for they were at there Torch e'en now, by the same token I tumbled downe the staires.

Pie. Alas poore Maister *Edmond*.

Enter musitians.

Cap. O the musitians! I pree the Maister *Edmond* call 'em in and licquour 'em a little.

Ed. That I will sweete Captaine father in law and make ech of them as drunck as a common fiddeler. *Exeunt omnes.*

Eneter Sir Iohn Penidub, *and* Moll *aboue lacing of her clothes.*

Pen. Whewh Mistris Mol, Mistris Mol.

Mol. Who's there? *Pen.* Tis I:

Mol. Who Sir *Iohn Penidub*, O you'r an early cocke ifayth, who would haue thought you to be so rare a stirrer.

Pen. Pree the Mol let me come vp.

Mol. No by my faith Sir Iohn, Ile keepe you downe, for you Knights are very dangerous if once you get aboue.

Pen. Ile not stay ifaith.

Mol. Ifaith you shall staie, for Sir Iohn you must note the nature of the Climates your Northen wench in her owne Countrie may well hold out till shee bee fifteene,

but if she touch the South-once, and come vp to *London*, here the Chimes go presently after twelue.

Pen. O th'art a mad wench *Moll*, but I pree thee make hast, for the Priest is gone before.

Moll. Do you follow him, Ile not be long after. *Exeunt.*

Enter Sir Oliuer Muck-hill, *Sir* Andrew Tip-staffe, *and old* Skirmish *talking.*

Muck. O monstrous vn-heard of forgerie.

Tip. Knight, I neuer heard of such villany in our owne countrie, in my life.

Muck. Why 'tis impossible, dare you maintaine your words?

Skir. Dare wee? een to their wezen pipes, we know all their plots, they cannot squander with vs, they haue knauishly abusd vs, made onely properties on's to aduance their selues vpon our shoulders, but they shall rue their abuses, this motning they are to bee married.

Muck. Tis too true, yet if the Widdow be not too much besotted on slights and forgeries, the reuelation of their villanies will make 'em loathsome, and to that end, be it in priuate to you, I sent late last night to an honourable personage, to whom I am much indebted in kindnesse, as he is to me, and therefore presume vpon the paiment of his tongue, and that hee will lay out good words for me, and to speake truth, for such needfull occasions, I onely preserue him in bond, and some-times he may doe mee more good here in the Cittie by a free word of his mouth, then if hee had paide one halfe in hand, and tooke Doomesday for t'other.

Tip. In troth Sir, without soothing bee it spoken, you haue publisht much iudgement in these few words.

Muck. For you know, what such a man vtters will be thought effectuall and to waighty purpose, and therefore into his mouth weel put the approoued theame of their forgeries.

Skir. And Ile maintaine it Knight, if sheele be true.

Enter a seruant.

Muck. How now sellow.

Serv. May it please you Sir, my Lord is newly lighted from his Coache.

Muc. Is

Muc. Is my Lord come already; his honnors earlly,
You see he loues me well vp before seauen,
Trust me I haue found him night capt at a eleuen,
Ther's good hope yet; come lee relate all to him. *Exeunt.*

Enter the two Bridegromes Captaine and Scholler after them, Sir Godfrey *and* Edmond, Widdow *chandge in apparell, mistris* Francis *led betweene two Knights, Sir* Iohn Penny-dub *and* Moll: *there meetes them a Noble man, Sir* Oliuer Muckil, *and Sir* Andrew Tip-staffe.

Nob. By your leaue Lady.
Wid. My Lord your honour is most chastly welcome,
Nob. Madam tho I came now from court, I come not to flatter you: vpon whom can I iustly cast this blot, but vpon your owne fore-head, that know not inke from milke such is the blind besotting in the state of an vnheaded woman thats a widdow. For it is the property of all you that are widdowes (a hand full excepted) to hate those that honestly and carefully loue you, to the maintenance of credit, state and posterity, and strongly to doat on those, that only loue you to vndo you who regard you least are best regarded, who hate you most are best beloued, And if there be but one man amongst tenne thousand millions of men that is accurst disastrous and euilly planeted whome Fortune beates most, whome God hates most, and all Societies esteeme least, that man is suere to be a husband----Such is the peeuish Moone that rules you bloods. An Impudent fellow best woes you, a flattering lip best wins you, or in a mirth who talkes roughliest is most sweetest, nor can you distinguish truth, from forgeries, mistes from Simplisity, witnes those two deceitfull monsters that you haue entertaind for bride-groomes.

Wid. Deceitfull.
Pie. All will out.
Cap. Sfoote who has blabd *George*? that foolish *Nicholas.*
Nob. For what they haue besotted your easie blood withall, weare nought but forgeries, the fortune telling for husbands, the coniuring for the chaine, *Sir Godfrey* heard the falshod of al: nothing but meere knauery deceit and coozenage.
Wid. O wonderfull, indeed I wondred that my husband with

all his craft could nor keepe himselfe out of purgatory.

Sir Godf. And I more wonder that my chaine should be gon and my Taylor had none of it.

Mol. And I wondred most of all that I, should be tyed from marriage hauing such a mind too't, come *S. Iohn Pennydub*, faire wether on our side the moone has chaingd since yester night.

Pie. The Sting of euery cuill is with-in mee.

Nob. And that you may perceaue I faine not with you, behould their fellow actor in those forgeries who full of Spleene and enuy at their so suddaine aduancements reueled all there plot in anger.

Pie. Base Souldier to reueall vs.

Wid. Ist possible wee should be blinded so and our eys open

Nob. Widdow wil you now beleeue that false, which to soone you beleeued true.

Wid. O to my shame I doe.

Sir Godf. But vnder fauour my Lord my chaine was truely lost and straingly found againe.

Nob. Resolue him of that Souldier.

Sir. In few words Knight then, thou wert the arch-gull of all.

Sir Godf. How Sir.

Skir. Nay ile proue it: for the chayne was but hid in the rosemary bancke all this while, and thou gotst him out of pryson to Conjure for it who did it admirably fustianly, for indeed what neede any others when he knew where it was.

Sir Godf. O vilainy of vilanies, but how came my chaine there

Skir. Wheres truly la, in deed la he that will not sweare, but lie, he that will not steale, But rob: pure *Nicholas Saint Antlings*.

Sir Godf. O Villaine one of our society,
Deemd alwaies holy, pure, religious,
A Puritan? a theefe, when wast euer hard?
Sooner wee'll kill a man then Steale thou knowst.
Out slaue Ile rend my lyon from thy back----with mine owne hands.

Nich. Deare Maister, oh.

Nob. Nay Knight dwell in patience,
And now widdow being so neere the Church, twer great pitty, nay vncharity to send you home againe without a husband,

drawe

drawe nerer you of true worſhip, ſtate and credit, that ſhould not ſtand ſo farre of from a widdow, and ſuffer forged ſhapes to come betweene you, Not that in theſe, I blemiſh the true Title of a Captaine, or blot the faire margent of a Scholler; For I honnor worthy and deſeruing parts in the one, and cherriſh fruitfull Vertues in the other. Come Lady, and you Virgin beſtowe your eys and your pureſt affections, vpon men of eſtimation both in Court and Citty, that hath long woed you, and both with there hearts and wealth ſincearly loue you.

Sir Godf. Good Siſter doe: Sweet little *Franke*, theſe are men of reputation, you ſhalbe welcome at Court: a great creddit for a Cittizen ſweet Siſter.

Nob. Come her ſcilence doos conſent too't.

Wid. I know not with what face,

Nob. Pah pah why with your owne face they deſire no other.

Wid. Pardon me worthy Sirs, I and my daughter haue wrongd your loues.

Muck. Tis eaſily pardon'd Lady,
If you vouchſafe it now.

Wid. With all my ſoule,

Fran. And I with all my heart,

Moll. And I Sir *Iohn* with ſoule, heart, lights and all.

Sir Ioh. They are all mine *Moll.*

Nob. Now Lady?
What honeſt Spirit but will applaud your choyce,
And gladly furniſh you with hand and voyce,
A happy change which makes een heauen reioyce.
Come enter into your Ioyes, you ſhall not want,
For fathers now, I doubt it not beleeue me,
But that you ſhall haue hands inough to giue. *Exeunt omnes.*

Deus dedit his quoq; finem.